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THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXV. No. 885. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1948 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE

Like the camera, statistics may not lie, but they are capable of an infinite deal of distortion. The more the White Paper on Britain's balance of payments in 1947 is studied, the clearer does it become that the picture which it presents is confusing. Let us recall the salient figures given in explanation of last year's loss of £675 millions of gold and dollar reserves on British account—i.e., excluding the deficit of the rest of the sterling area. The debit items are: excess of merchandise imports over exports, £449 millions; Government expenditure abroad, £211 millions; expenditure on films and tourism, £63 millions. On the credit side, net income from shipping and foreign investments amounted to £48 millions. From that sum in simple arithmetic it would appear that less than one-third of the drain in reserves was accounted for by Government expenditure abroad; moreover, since only £80 millions of that expenditure is stated to be the net cost of military forces—the balance being the cost of Germany and of "relief and rehabilitation"—the public is invited to draw the inference that the burden of foreign commitments is a relatively inconsiderable factor in the payments crisis.

These figures give a much gloomier picture of the export drive than the facts justify. In the first place, the total figure of Government expenditure abroad is arrived at after taking credit, quite improperly, for the proceeds of sales of wool stocks (representing the liquidation of a foreign asset) to the amount of £10 millions. Secondly, and much more important, the net cost of military forces abroad is shown after deduction of the proceeds of sales of surplus stores and other receipts from overseas on military account—proceeds which could obviously have been used for payments of merchandise imports. Had the deduction involved only figures of a trivial order of magnitude, no serious exception need have been taken to this presentation of only the net figure. As it is, we have reason to believe that the receipts taken into account amounted to no less than £140 millions, thus raising the cost of military expenditure abroad to £220 millions. Thirdly, before the total burden of overseas commitments can be seen with accuracy, it is necessary to distinguish between that portion of "relief" expenditure which can fairly be regarded as a continuation of humanitarian expenditure on Unrra lines and that represented by credits extended for political purposes to the Greek and other foreign governments. This figure, we believe, is at least £30 millions. Thus, including the cost of Germany, the direct burden of overseas commitments—apart from genuine "relief"—amounted to £340 millions.

In addition, it has to be borne in mind that the maintenance of the fighting Services and their administration and supplies at the 1947 level meant diminishing the volume of national production by at least £300 millions (at the conservative figure of £500 net output per head), and that of this lost production at least two-thirds could have been exported. In short, the minimum total burden of the Government's overseas political and military commitments was not £211 millions as stated, but at least £540 millions.

One further factor in the accounts remains to be considered. There is a strong presumption, not merely that last year's remarkable deterioration of £93 millions, as compared with 1946, in miscellaneous overseas transactions conceals a considerable flight of capital, but that the published figure of merchandise imports also covers some outward movement of "funk" money. Exchange control in 1947 was by no means watertight; and, given the number and the complexity of business of British firms operating abroad, it is almost impossible to separate current from capital transaction. We believe that, quite apart from the published figure of £180 millions of capital known to have been exported to the sterling area from the United Kingdom, allowance should be made for the probability that the figures of visible trade conceal a debit of at least £50 millions due, not to "overspending," but to a flight of capital.

At what conclusion do we arrive? Not that we can afford to relax the national effort to increase physical exports, nor that we can eschew austerity in the matter of imports purchased with scarce dollars. What emerges from this recasting, on more objective lines, of the balance-sheet of foreign payments is that, unless the true burden, direct and indirect, of foreign commitments is lightened, we can by no manner of means avoid national bankruptcy. There is no possibility of our reaching export targets which would permit us to carry this load of £540 millions. On the other hand, if this burden is drastically lightened, and if we make good the savings which can reasonably be anticipated from tighter exchange control and from the restrictions on expenditure in respect of tourism and films, then the problem presented by the excess of physical imports over exports becomes manageable.

That this should be widely realised appears to us to be of prime importance. The workers of this country have been praised, rightly, by their leaders for their efforts, and for their acceptance, without serious complaint, of Sir Stafford Cripps' programme of import cuts. Let them be told frankly that the major portion of the "trade deficit" is caused, not by failure to export, but by the burden of foreign commitments and the leak of capital through the sterling sieve. These are factors which only the Government can deal with. If the Government gives convincing proof that it is dealing with them, and so making it possible to bridge the gap, it will be giving the best stimulus to production.

The Price "Standstill" and Its Limits

How much is there in the price "standstill" that Sir Stafford Cripps announced last week? Directly, not a great deal; for it excludes both the basic foods and all the other articles which are already subject to price controls, from most pointed foods to utility goods over a wide range. The articles to which it does apply are numerous, but do not add up to at all a high proportion of total turnover within the categories of goods that are taken into account in assessing the cost of living. Indirectly, more may be meant; for the Government will presumably refuse to authorise price-increases, except for very good reasons, for goods already subject to price-control. But what are "good reasons"? The price-increases recently accepted over a wide range of imports will inevitably react before long on the cost of living unless the policy of stabilising the amount paid in subsidies is reviewed; and it is still unknown (and will presumably remain so till the Budget) whether this policy is to be maintained or modified. No doubt the cost of some imports (particularly cereals) may fall as a consequence of recent price-movements in the United States; but unless the price-recession goes further and spreads wider than it has so far, the effect will not be great on the general run of essential foods.

Wage-Claims, Old and New

In these circumstances, wages can hardly be held without some extension of subsidies unless world prices fall fairly sharply. Especially will it be difficult to hold wages in industries, such as engineering, in which it is a question, not of newly advanced claims, but of long-standing negotiations that have not yet reached completion. No one was surprised when the Electrical Trades Union announced its intention of going full steam ahead with its claims, because the E.T.U. is the Union in which Communist influence is largest. But it will not need Communist influence to make the municipal workers, the postal workers, the engineers, and a number of other big groups which have long-standing unsettled claims in hand very chary of forgoing them unless they can get pretty firm assurance about the cost of living. Nor, of course, does the White Paper imply that they should in all cases be forgone: on the contrary, it recognises that well-founded claims will have to be met. The difficulty lies in drawing the line; and it is on this point that the Government must look to the T.U.C. General Council, despite its manifest reluctance to tackle the problem, to help in working out a broad principle that can be applied to, at any rate, most of the difficult cases that will have to be faced.

The Talks on Germany

Sooner or later, agreement must be reached with the French, as well as between Great Britain and the United States, on the question of Western Germany. Accordingly, the Three-Power talks which open in London next week are of primary importance. There has been some feeling in France that the British and Americans, in going ahead before the meeting with the new German Central Bank, as well as with Bizonia's new economic constitution, have been jumping the claim; and indeed it can hardly be contested that the announcement of the Bank plan on Monday was intended to confront the Three-Power meeting with an accomplished fact. But what else could the authorities responsible for feeding Bizonia have been expected to do? If they had delayed action in order to bring France in, the likely consequence would have been that measures which are urgently necessary to prevent a German collapse would have got bogged in prolonged discussions over security and over the future control of the Ruhr. These latter are the claims on which French opinion really demands satisfaction; and they can be dealt with a good deal more hopefully if they can be disentangled from the distinct issue of the form of German Government and of the central economic and financial agencies which even a federal Germany is bound to need. To delay action would, moreover, have been greeted by the Russians as a triumph for their policy of obstruction, and would have made German opinion more distrustful than ever of British and American intentions.

What Sort of Deflation?

The new Bank, like the new constitution, embodies the smallest element of centralisation that is compatible with any hope of making it work. The Bank is to have a government consisting of the heads of the banks of the various *Laender*; a proposal to include persons to represent various national groups or interests has been rejected as involving too much centralisation. The Bank's first task will be to carry through a measure of currency reorganisation; but on what lines? If any programme of thoroughgoing deflation, such as has recently been carried through in the Soviet Union, is attempted in Germany, the result, in a country where most assets are still privately owned, will inevitably be to make a vast present to all the owners of real, as distinct from money, assets, at the expense of the rest of the population, including the workers as well as the homeless and bondholders (assuming bonds to be drastically written down). It was just such a deflation that doomed the Weimar Republic and enabled the Nazis to conquer power; and there is the gravest danger of the same disastrous mistake being repeated now under the auspices of the occupying Powers. Currency deflation is needed, of course; but it cannot work equitably unless steps are taken to ensure that all owners of physical assets bear their share of the burden.

Congress and E.R.P.

There seems little doubt that aid for Europe will be voted by Congress, and that dollars will be made available by April, or at worst May. It is highly significant that the opposition—now openly led by Senator Taft—seeks only to reduce the amount of the aid. But since the amount will make all the difference between relief and recovery programme, it is unlikely that the Republican Party can avoid an open split between Taft—a reluctant convert to relief—and Vandenberg—an enthusiastic advocate of recovery. Senator Vandenberg has recently felt the lack of enthusiasm for the Marshall Plan in the country, and has had to trim his sails. The result is a cut in the amount that the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee recommends for E.R.P., combined with a shorter period for the appropriation to cover. In terms of dollars available this may make little difference, but in terms of confidence the result will be appalling. It means that no sooner has the effect of American aid begun to be felt in Europe than the possibility of its being cut off will loom up again. It is impossible to hope that any long-term projects for reconstruction will flourish, if the Americans insist on digging them up every six months to see if they are growing. Yet the emphasis on European self-help is increasing, even amongst those most friendly to the E.R.P., and the forthcoming meeting of the Sixteen Nations will be carefully watched to see if Mr. Bevin was talking more than platitudes when he spoke of a uniting Europe. The American suspicion is that the famous speech was largely made for their benefit. Britain is regarded as the key not only to Western Union, but also to the economic revival of Europe.

The Doctors' Rejection

As was expected, the majority of doctors have voted against the Bevan Health Service. The figures are certainly impressive and show the effectiveness of the B.M.A. campaign. There was an 82 per cent. poll of the 55,000 doctors circulated, of whom 40,814 disapproved of the Bill in its present form, and 4,735 approved. Further, 25,340 were not in favour of accepting service, and 4,084 were. (This does not in fact represent an actual drop between those disapproving and those who individually are prepared to stay out of the service. Certain categories, already engaged in public service, were not involved in the "acceptance" item.) The important factor is the general practitioner category. Of the 20,500 G.P.s in this country, 17,000 voted against accepting service. On the ballot paper itself, it was stated that, if the majority against accepting service included 13,000 G.P.s, the Association would advise the profession as a whole not to enter under contract. It remains to be seen whether, when the representative meeting is held, on March 17th, to consider action, the doctors will remain intransigeant. The Minister of Health, buttressed by the debate last week, will not be stampeded by the ballot. It is to be hoped that the B.M.A. will use the vote with wisdom.

PARLIAMENT : Bargains

Wednesday

LYTTELTON and Piratin were agreed. The White Paper on Wages and Personal Incomes was, as Lyttelton put it, "Sound and Tory." That was the suppressed fear in the minds of many Labour Members who had based their first judgments on its happy welcome by the Tories, and its apparent over-emphasis on a partial wages standstill. Ellis Smith's uncalled amendment, signed by a number of normally well-disciplined Trade Union Members, was an attempt to give voice to this anxiety. Instead, the Labour benches expressed their apprehensions by listening to the Chancellor in silence.

After his talk with the T.U.C. the evening before, Cripps was able to give the White Paper ("a psychological disaster" in Monslow's words) a balance between the restraints asked by the Government from the workers, and those asked from the employers. In some respects, he was hampered by his proper unwillingness to anticipate the Budget by disclosing his future steps to control prices and profits. What about tax-free expenses? asked Wyatt. What about excessive dividends? asked Wigg. Neither the Chancellor nor the Prime Minister, in his summing-up, could give more than a general hint that the Government was concerned about both these matters and would seek to deal with them in a Socialist fair-burden Budget.

After this grim debate with its forebodings about the century's second half, the pageantry and hard-pounding of the Representation of the People's Bill was like a return to the comfortable nineteenth century. In traditional intimacy, the Sheriffs of the City of London in their scarlet robes tagged themselves on to the Speaker's procession, and followed him to the threshold of the Chamber. "Mr. Sheriff, what have you there?" Mr. Speaker asked, in a casual and ancient formula, without rising from his chair. "A Petition from the Mayor, Aldermen and Commons of the City of London to leave undisturbed the separate representation of the City of London," answered the Senior Sheriff. The reading of the salient parts of the Petition by the Clerk was supported by an antiphon from both sides of the House, while the Bill's provisions and the humble submissions against them were separately supported.

Herbert Morrison, as devoted to London as any man, could not resist a pang at breaking the centuries-old link between the City and the Commons. He had looked for reasons to preserve it, but with the disappearance of separate representation for some of its antique boroughs, all that he and the Home Secretary could retain for the City Seat was its name. Far less dignified than the protest of the Sheriffs and Ralph Assheton about the abolition of their seat was the Tory fight to save the University Members.

According to Churchill, who remained in his place with unprecedented assiduity, a bargain had been struck during the Speaker's Conference in 1944 by which the Labour Party agreed to perpetuate University representation, while the Tories agreed to accept seven million non-rate-paying voters on the municipal lists. The Home Secretary, the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Scotland and the Lord President denied that such an agreement, if made, could have been designed to commit a new Parliament. Two principles fell under discussion during the debate—the first as to whether the Universities deserve privileged representation, the second as to whether there had been some political horse-trading in which the Tories hadn't received their horse. Back benchers could not pass any opinion on the merits of that particular squabble, and were content to believe their leaders.

The best back-bench Labour speech came from Geoffrey Bing, who has now achieved an unequalled reputation in the House as a collector of other people's ill-considered lapses. For Proportional Representation and the Liberals, who divided the House, Megan Lloyd-George spoke, as she always does, with attractive lucidity.

Apart from Wilson Harris, the University Members did not by their speeches help a case for which many Members have a sentimental regard. H. Strauss spoke too long; Arthur Salter interrupted too much.

MAURICE EDELMAN.

SOCIALISTS AND WESTERN UNION

At no time since 1945 has the Government been so little embarrassed by Left-wing criticism. The Communists deride the Third Force and vie with Lord Beaverbrook in their assurances that we should be better without American aid. This deceives few Socialists; yet many of them are bewildered and dismayed by the ambiguity of the Government's foreign policy, without being able to say precisely what they dislike. One reason for the lack of constructive criticism is that many of the ideas put forward by the Left have been accepted by the Government. The crisis, for instance, which the "rebels" predicted for the end of 1948, and which Government spokesmen were still pooh-poohing as late as May, hit the country in July. Under its pressure, the Cabinet reversed some of the decisions of the Margate Conference. It introduced control of labour, and it accepted cuts in the armed forces which it had declared to be impossible. Finally, in January, Mr. Bevin proclaimed his conversion to Western Union, though six months before he had rapped its advocates on the knuckles.

Significant changes of this sort are not brought about by back-bench speeches or pamphlets, but by necessity. If we achieve Socialism in this country and the unity of Western Europe, it will not be because the Left defeats the Right—this never happens—but because the Government has been forced by circumstance to accept its policies. The function of the Left under a Labour Government is to ensure that, in each dilemma which confronts the Cabinet, the Socialist alternative is the only one which can be adopted without political disaster.

It must be admitted that in matters of foreign policy this task is very difficult. In domestic affairs, the Labour movement can be relied on to apply pressure in the right direction. It knows the difference between a Socialist and a reactionary policy. It may not know much economics, but its instinct is sound. But in foreign affairs we cannot reckon on an instinctive Socialist reaction by the Labour movement when the Government is tempted to succumb to anti-Socialist pressure in foreign policy.

Such pressure has never been more powerful or more insidious than to-day. Mr. Churchill's week-end fulmination against Mr. Shinwell for not swallowing his United Europe Conference at The Hague, and his fulsome praise of Mr. Bevin in the House, are obvious attempts to drive a wedge between the Cabinet and the Left Wing of the party. But it is no good merely dismissing United Europe and talking generalities about a Middle Way. What is the Socialist alternative to Fulton? What in particular will the British delegation put forward at the International Socialist Conference on March 21st? If the National Executive rejects a bi-partisan foreign policy and the Churchill *Diktat*, what exactly does it stand for?

To begin with, we must face the fact that Socialist remedies, which many propounded two years or even twelve months ago, have been ruled out by events. Mistakes and indecisions have made what was feasible then infeasible to-day. Socialist policy must be based, not on what would have been possible in 1946, but on what is possible in 1948. In 1946 there could have been an Anglo-French Socialist policy, since the Left was still united and in the ascendant all over Europe. But the French Socialists compromised their position out of existence; and over here the Cabinet clung until last July to the illusion of multilateral trade and squandered more than the total of the American loan on clinging to foreign commitments, whose burden is greater than our resources. So the chance of independence between the Blocs was missed. To-day, without E.R.P. or with E.R.P. mishandled at either end, we shall be faced with economic collapse. We were dependent on America when Labour took office: we are even more dependent now. The stone has crashed much further down the hill than when Sisyphus put his shoulder to it. He must push it up again—learning, we may hope, from his mistakes.

There is good reason for believing that some of the lessons have been learned. As we have observed, our trade policy has been drastically revised, and the Foreign Office is no longer permitted to prevent trade with the Eastern Bloc. Mr. Bevin rightly seized the initiative after the Harvard speech, and the Paris Conference under British leadership did a far better job than many Socialists gave it credit for. Britain is dangerously weak, but at least the Government is now facing the real problem. That is a notable advance; to some extent it offsets the deterioration in France and the ruinous German deadlock which together prevent any real recovery of Europe.

What, then, should be the immediate objectives of Socialist foreign policy? First and foremost, to maintain full employment in this country. This may sound a platitude, but the acceptance of it as a principle of foreign policy would be a notable triumph for Socialism. It would mean that, when the Budget is framed, the maintenance of the present ration level and of the import of essential raw materials would take precedence over the claims of overseas commitments and of the Services. It would also mean that we have learnt at last the futility of a "strong" foreign policy which is beyond our strength.

The U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. are both strong enough to dissipate economic resources on plans for the military containment of an aggressor. For Britain in 1948 such plans are literally nonsense. We are not in a position to sustain even a secondary war. By playing war games in the map room of the Combined Chiefs of Staffs at Washington we shall not bluff the Russians. But we may possibly deceive the Americans, who believe anything which excuses them from extending their overseas commitments. Instead of shielding the Americans from the unpleasant consequences of the Truman Doctrine, it should be our preoccupation to compel them to undertake every military commitment which derives directly from it. This would not be mere British "cussedness." For the Marshall Plan can only succeed if Britain contributes to it all her economic strength instead of dissipating men, money and materials on containing Russia in areas like the Middle East where American economic interests now predominate.

Once we accept this proposition, we see the futility of the discussions with the Benelux countries about a military alliance. A strong and independent Western Union would, of course, have a common defence policy. But what in the world is the point of discussing an alliance at a moment when none of us has any military strength to offer? We should be well advised to leave to the Americans all such exercises in the military strategy of "containment."

Equally dangerous is the suggestion that we should waste time on federalist projects for political fusion. Political federation, even if it were possible, would clutter us all up with a tangle of constitutional problems, would bring no immediate economic relief, would sharpen the division of Eastern and Western Europe, and would scare off many of the Sixteen Nations.

The sooner we ban all discussion of military Blocs and premature federations, the better our chance of getting on with the practical job of concerting measures to prevent the total collapse of our economies. What is needed is not merely a recall of the Paris Conference, but a programme for setting up at once permanent agencies and public corporations charged with specific economic tasks. We can reduce our dollar dependence by joint planning of the capital re-equipment of our heavy industries, transport and power, and also, most important of all, of our agriculture. And for this we require not merely *ad hoc* conferences of diplomats, but permanent executive agencies, just as we need permanent commodity boards for joint purchasing from the New World and the Eastern Bloc, and a permanent Western European executive for administering the flow of American aid. The best chance of a Western Union is that it should develop organically out of the Marshall Plan. Our Socialist aim must be to make E.R.P. no relief or military assistance on the Greek model, but an instrument for planning our economy.

This may sound unspectacular to those who expect a Socialist foreign policy to be as grandiloquent as Mr. Churchill's crusade. But the Socialists must foreswear the posture of Great Power politics, and recognise that our standard of living can only be restored by slowly building up Western Europe into independence between the Blocs. If we had set about this in 1945-6, we might by now have broken down the division of Europe. We missed our first chance. Now Mr. Marshall has given us a second. E.R.P. can be made the means of preserving full employment here and laying the foundations of a Western European planned economy. But this time we must work our passage to independence. Socialist foreign policy in 1948 means quite simply the subordination of ideology and strategy to the economics of survival.

FRANCE AND INDO-CHINA

Last September, President Truman's unofficial envoy, Mr. William C. Bullitt, visited Saigon. What impression he formed of the French colony, composed largely of *Vichyssois* and ex-collaborators, is not on record; but according to the extracts published by *Action* of despatches from the French High Commissioner, M. Emile Bollaert, to his Government, Mr. Bullitt took a lively interest in the economic resources and potentialities of Indo-China, and expressed the view that if, as he suspected, the Viet Minh element in the Resistance was Communist-led, it must be crushed at all costs ("*On ne devait reculer devant aucun moyen pour le combattre*"). Subsequently, in an article in *Life*, Mr. Bullitt wrote that, in his opinion, French Indo-China (Viet Nam) was vital to the United States for the defence of the Far East against the aggressive designs of the Soviet Union, and that the railway system of the territories would be of strategic value in building up the defences of Southern China against Communism.

Was the French Government encouraged by this visit to Saigon of Mr. Bullitt to believe that it would have American backing if it continued to pursue a policy of crude imperialism in Indo-China? However that may be, the facts are that, in its colonial war, the French Government is treating money, lives and honour as equally expendable. On her military commitments in Indo-China France is spending £90 millions a year. She has deployed there a force of 115,000 men, of whom half are troops from Metropolitan France; the rest consist of 40,000 coloured soldiers from Morocco and Senegal and the Foreign Legion (20,000 strong), in whose ranks is a large admixture of Germans recruited from prisoner of war camps. Supplemented by 30,000 auxiliary troops recruited locally from the primitive Hoahoas, Nungs and Thos, these forces control, at most, half Indo-China by day, and little or none of it by night. The offensive against the Resistance in Tonkin last autumn was a failure; French losses in killed amount to about 600 a month; and the morale of the Army, which has been fighting for over two years in a terrain made up of jungle and mountain, is low. "Pacification" is being applied by methods of brutal terror. According to the special correspondent of the New York *Nation*, Mr. Andrew Roth, who has recently toured Indo-China, the indiscriminate killing of hostages, the public display of decapitated heads and the razing of villages are commonplaces. He reports well-authenticated cases of French troops using live Vietnamese for target practice. As a reprisal for the death of a single French soldier, a dozen peasants are seized indiscriminately from the fields and dragged behind a truck—ropes tied round their necks—until they are dead. In the headquarters of the *Sûreté* in Saigon, torture, with all the refinements learned from the Gestapo and the Japanese Kempeitzi, is applied to Vietnamese suspected—often on the flimsiest grounds—of complicity with the Viet Minh.

Politically French attempts to reconquer Indo-China have been as unsuccessful as the military campaigns. When the provisienal accord reached on March 6, 1946, with Ho Chi Minh, President of the Viet Nam Republic, was repudiated, M. Bollaert's predecessor, Admiral d'Argenlieu, began a process of selecting puppets, whose role was to present a façade of independence behind which the "little war" on the Resistance could be waged. His first choice for the presidency of Cochin-China, the richest of the three Indo-Chinese provinces, was Dr. Nguyen Van Thinh, head of a Saigon rice syndicate. He committed suicide, telling his friends that he was heart-broken: "I have been asked to play a farce." He was succeeded first by Le Van Hoach, former police commissioner under the Japanese; and, next, by General Nguyen Van Xuan, whose chief contribution to the political pacification of Indo-China was to rename the Republic of Cochin-China "Sud Viet Nam," and to declare himself in favour of a union of the province with the other two provinces—Tonkin and Annam—which make up the "Land of the South." He is now, it would appear, to be superseded by the ex-Emperor of Annam, Bao Dai, who lately left Hong Kong for a conference in Paris with M. Schuman and M. Bidault, and to whom M. Bollaert in a dispatch last November to his Government recommended the grant of independent sovereignty over Viet Nam, provided "*cette indépendence ne depassera pas le cadre d'un verbalisme à caractère presque réligieux.*"

Whether this "verbal, so-to-say, religious" independence will satisfy Bao Dai, who declared, when he abdicated in 1945, that he preferred to be "a free citizen rather than a monarch in slavery," remains to be seen. He has no personal following except in a small sector of Central Annam; and he must be aware that if he fights the unconquered Viet Nam *Maquis* with French troops, he will be stigmatised, as quickly as his predecessors, as the puppet of Paris. Mr. Roth reports that, in the opinion of every experienced neutral observer, at least 80 per cent of the Vietnamese people support the Resistance movement of Ho Chi Minh, which has imported the substance and spirit of the wartime Resistance of France herself. Like that of France, the Vietnamese Resistance is a broad coalition of Communists, Socialists, Catholics and Independents. The President is himself a Communist; the Vice-president, Pham Ngoc Thuan, is a Roman Catholic; the President of the Executive Committee, Pham Van Bach, belongs to no party; and no party predominates either in the "Cabinet" in the North or in the Executive Committee for Nambo (Southern Indo-China). At most a third of the *Maquis* are members of the Viet Minh, which the French classify as Communist, but which contains, in fact, no more than a "hard core" of Communist leadership, representing perhaps one-seventh of its membership. Two-thirds of the *Maquis* are simply Vietnamese nationalists, fighting for the freedom of Viet Nam in what they regard as a war to the death against Western Imperialism.

What is happening in Indo-China, it may be said, is the affair of France alone. This is not so. Apart from the consideration that, while this miserable conflict continues, the natural riches of Viet Nam are being lost to the European markets, peace in South-East Asia is indivisible. As reprisals and counter-reprisals take their toll of life in Indo-China, and as one abortive jungle campaign succeeds another in a crescendo of misery and bitterness, the chances of the establishment of durable friendly relations between Europeans and the peoples of Burma, Siam and Indonesia are being compromised. In any discussion of closer union between Britain and France, a legitimate British condition might well be that the French Government should reverse its present policy of attempting to restore colonialism in Indo-China by force of arms, and that it should reopen negotiations with the only authority with whom peace can effectively be concluded—the Government of Ho Chi Minh. A concordat with that Government, whose declared willingness to remain a member of the French Union is apt to be forgotten, is the only means whereby the blunders of French policy in South-East Asia can be retrieved.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THOUGHTS ON FINANCE—II

THE objects of my cheap money policy were to keep down the very formidable cost of the national debt, and so to help the taxpayer; to reduce the burden of interest falling on local authorities (and hence on the ratepayer), on public boards, present and future, and on private industry, in respect of prior charges; and to encourage the process described, and recommended, by Lord Keynes as "the euthanasia of the rentier." This programme fitted in well with our general policy of diminishing the inequalities of wealth.

How far, and how fast, interest rates could be lowered was clearly a matter for experiment. But I had in mind, from the outset, a long-term rate, firmly established, of not more than 2½ per cent. I wanted to see Old Consols at par. That would be a milestone, and we might go further thereafter. For fifteen months, from October, 1945, when I cut short-term rates by half, thus saving more than £30 million a year in interest on the floating debt, up to mid-January, 1947, when I "closed the tap" on the new, undated 2½ per cent. Treasury Stock, the cheap money drive went wonderfully well. I told the story in detail in my Budget speech last April. Several records were established in this period. Never before, in the long history of our National Debt, had a British Government been able to raise money at par or an irredeemable 2½ per cent. Never before had local authorities been able to borrow at 2½ per cent. as I enabled them from June, 1946, both for new loans and for the conversion of old loans. In January, 1947, Old Consols were only a fraction of a point below par.

So far, so good. Substantial savings were effected, which will benefit the borrowers, regardless of any later fluctuations in interest rates, throughout the lifetime of these new cheap loans. But 1947 was a year of many setbacks. Opposition to cheap money which, until now, had been feeble, gathered strength, both in the City and in the financial press. The first setback in the gilt-edged market came with the fuel crisis. Most of this lost ground was recovered in the next few months; but there was a second and more serious setback in the summer, with the dollar crisis, and from this there was no significant recovery. At the end of the year, the national credit had declined from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent., and the new long-dated Transport Stock had to be issued at 3 per cent., thus adding £5 millions a year to the interest charge on the nationalised railways, as compared with what I had estimated on a 2½ per cent. basis. As prices stood on January 1st, 1948, my successor at the Treasury had no alternative—except to issue a cheaper short-term stock. And the uncertainty, which this would have involved for the future finance of the railways, would have been serious.

The setback in the gilt-edged market last year was in part demoralisation and in part design. Some holders of gilt-edged securities lost their nerve and sold out, and propagandists in the City stimulated this loss of confidence. There was a talking campaign against 2½ per cent. The cheap money policy was inflationary, they said; it had caused an unhealthy rise in bank deposits, and was sustained only by large purchases of securities by "the authorities."

There is no real substance in this case. Sir Hubert Henderson—no partisan of the Government—told the Royal Economic Society last July that "the cheap money policy has been only a very minor factor in the inflationary complex, so unimportant relatively to other factors as to be scarcely worth considering. . . . I see no good reason to suppose that the strength of demand would be materially reduced by somewhat tighter conditions in the money market, or by somewhat higher interest rates, whether short or long." To this I would add Lord Linlithgow's comment in his recent address to the Midland Bank. "It has been shown in the past that high interest rates are capable of inducing a thoroughly irrational order of priorities among capital projects." Commonsense suggests that it is higher, and not lower, interest rates, bringing higher incomes to money-lenders, that are inflationary. As for the total of bank deposits, this is only influenced very slightly and very indirectly by changes in interest rates. And as for "market operations," knowing the facts I was often amused by the "experts'" wild guesses. I am, therefore, quite unrepentant about cheap money. We won the first round, but lost the second. We must prepare to fight back.

An acceptable rate of interest is largely a question of psychology and convention. If there had been general acceptance, by the financial institutions and by other large investors, by members of the Stock Exchange and by the financial scribes, of 2½ per cent., this rate would easily have established and maintained itself, with all its solid and obvious advantages to national, local and industrial finance. But there was no such general acceptance. On the contrary, there was a perpetual grizzle in the City and in the financial press. Through the autumn, as the date for the issue of the Transport Stock approached, this grizzle grew. Those who bought gilt-edged were jeered at as "speculators." The campaign amounted to incitement to sabotage the national credit.

The practical conclusion which I draw from these events, and these resistances, is that the powers, considerable though they are, of "the authorities" to guide funds into the gilt-edged market are not sufficient, and must be strengthened. Just how this should be done is a matter for detailed study. But I suggest this broad approach. Power should be taken to prescribe, and to vary from time to time, a minimum percentage of the funds of large investors to be held in gilt-edged securities. This would apply, for example, to the insurance companies, to investment trusts, to the reserve funds of big industrialists, and to large private trust funds. I would not propose to bring any person or institution under such an order whose resources for investment were less than, say, one million pounds. But the "big boys" would be expected to recognise that a due measure of steady support for the gilt-edged market is a national duty. Under the Bank of England Act there is power already to issue such a direction to banks.

I am informed that, as a result of our nationalisation measures already passed, gilt-edged stocks quoted on the Stock Exchange will soon have increased from £15,000 millions to £17,000 millions, and "other securities" reduced from £13,000 millions to £11,000 millions. This growing weight of gilt-edged emphasises the importance of under-pinning it.

The recent victory of the opponents of cheap money, the admitted dangers of inflation, and the need, if a further rise in earned incomes is to be discouraged, to deal more drastically with profits and with large unearned incomes generally, have combined to revive discussion of the Capital Levy. This makes me feel rather old. In the elections of 1922 and 1923 the Capital Levy was a leading issue, and I spoke and wrote much in support of it. Later it faded out. But in successive editions of a little book of mine on *Public Finance*, I have not budged from the opinion that this is the best solution, on merits, of the problem of a too large National Debt. I kept it, when I was at the Treasury, on my list of "possibles," though I did not then feel that time could be spared for so large an operation, involving so much extra administrative effort, on top of so much else that was so urgent. Yet I am sure that, sooner or later, something of this kind must be done.

Our internal National Debt is now some £25,000 millions, and the interest charge alone is £525 millions this year. An average increase of 1 per cent. would add another £250 millions a year to this, equal to more than 2s. in the £ on the income tax. The proposal, favoured in the City and supported by Sir Hubert Henderson, to "fund" the Floating Debt, now just over £6,000 millions, at 3 per cent., as against the present rate of ½ per cent. to ⅜ per cent., would add £150 millions, or 1s. 3d. in the £ on income tax. Such are the dangers of a retreat from cheap money. If prices fall in the future, the burden of the debt, in terms of goods, will increase in proportion. Such is the risk of continuing to carry so large a debt.

A Capital Levy, as we have hitherto conceived it, would be a non-recurrent charge, levied, above a certain minimum of individual wealth, according to a graduated scale. Its proceeds would be earmarked for debt redemption; and payment by the handing over of Government securities would be encouraged. In 1922-3 we proposed the exemption of all whose net capital wealth was less than £5,000. Probably this figure should now be about £10,000.

The arguments in favour of such a levy are, first, that it would be deflationary, both by reducing unearned incomes and by discouraging wealthy people from living on capital; second, that it would be a debt-reducer, though the net gain to the Budget would be relatively small, since the consequential losses of revenue from income tax, surtax and death duties would be a high proportion of the saving on the debt charge; and, third, that it would be a social equaliser, reducing both the inequality of wealth and the unearned element in the national income.

This project is certainly worth study and discussion, but it would be a mistake to be dogmatic, either as to its details or as to the best time for its introduction. HUGH DALTON

THIS ENGLAND

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Complaining of "restrictions," he said, "I now cannot go out and buy an aeroplane when I want it."—Speech by Air Vice-Marshal Bennett reported *in Slough, Eton & Windsor Observer*. (B. GEORGE.)

In 1947 . . . . red herring was the brightest feature of the export trade.—Report of Herring Industry Board quoted by *Manchester Guardian*. (A. GUTMAN.)

"What I have in mind," wrote Major Wade, "is this. . . . I want to send as many pairs (of braces) as I can collect, and I want every pair to be a cell—a cell of Christianity round which the whole of Germany can gather. . . ."—*Surrey & Hants News*. (MRS. M. G. DAVIES.)

Mr. H. Nunns, used his train to Sidcup the other night to pace him home.

He changed into running kit at St. James's House, where he has his office, ran along the corridor, downstairs, out into St. James's Street and across St. James's Park. He reached Sidcup by way of Westminster, the Elephant and Castle, the Old Kent Road and Lewisham. Had he gone by train he would have arrived only seven minutes earlier.—*Daily Telegraph*. (L. COBB.)

A LONDON DIARY

WAS Sir Stafford Cripps' handling of the wage freeze clumsy? Critics complain that a Labour Chancellor should have announced his measures for controlling prices and profits first, and only made his appeal to the Trade Unions after this announcement. This argument overlooks the actual problem with which the Chancellor was faced. He knew that in the last six weeks of 1947, substantial wage increases had been conceded in many industries. He also knew that even larger wage increases would come under negotiation this month unless he took action at once. His chief measures for dealing with prices and profits must be delayed until the Budget. But he could not afford to wait for the Budget before making his appeal to the Trade Unions. Moreover, by giving the F.B.I. and the trade associations a month to work out their concrete proposals, he has put them on the spot. They must know that, if they put up inadequate plans, they will provide him with a fool-proof case for a full-scale Socialist Budget. It was one of Mr. Roosevelt's favourite principles that a democratic leader should always wait until public demand for action is overwhelming before he moves, even though he may have known for months that action was inevitable. Is the Chancellor playing a Roosevelt game and deliberately creating a public opinion in the Labour movement which will drive him into a Socialist wages and prices policy? I sincerely hope so. But it is more likely that he is feeling his way. Owing to the merging of the various planning establishments, there are now gathered round Sir Stafford no fewer than four groups of economic experts each of which is propounding its own nostrum for dealing with inflation. Among them, the full-blooded deflationists and anti-planners of the *Economist* school are still strong and undefeated. The Chancellor has come a long way from the multilateralism to which he clung so tenaciously at the Board of Trade. He has reversed much of his trade policy. Will he now go the whole bilateral hog?

* * *

Mr. Churchill's broadcast must have been even more embarrassing to thoughtful Tories than Lord Woolton's. Usually, he makes up for lack of content by his magnificent microphone technique. But last Saturday he sounded peevish and stumbling. Why is Mr. Churchill so set on getting the Labour Party to The Hague? I think he still believes that, if he were at the helm and leading a Western Bloc, he could "bring Stalin to his senses." Since he cannot be Prime Minister of a Coalition, he wants at least to preside over a great European conference as the leader of an all-party delegation. But, as Morgan Phillips has pointed out, no Socialist with any self-respect could go to The Hague as part of a British delegation, most of which will be hand-picked by Mr. Duncan Sandys, whom Mr. Churchill, typically enough, has appointed as the secretary of his United Europe. There are to be eighty-seven British delegates, of whom only ten would by Labour M.P.s; the rest would be Sandys's selectees. Since all the other national delegations will be organised in the same way by men like M. Van Zeeland, the whole conference will be entirely unrepresentative. But, with Mr. Churchill in the chair, it will get enormous publicity. If Socialists attend, they will merely confirm the impression that the Government's foreign policy is run by the leader of the Opposition. Though done in the name of a United Europe, nothing could be more certain to divide Europe and to frustrate any real Western Union.

* * *

I should think Sir Oliver Franks's appointment to Washington will be reckoned the best appointment Mr. Bevin has made since he became Foreign Secretary. For his first move outside the strict Foreign Office hierarchy, it is certainly a bold departure. No one can pretend that the Provost of Queen's is one of those warm, "port after dinner in the Common Room" humanists, who are the usual type of scholar to get on in politics and diplomacy. Sir Oliver won't make the drawing rooms of Washington buzz; they may even find rather long and awkward pauses. But, after all, being a social success should not be the prime objective of an Ambassador to America, though the post is always discussed as if it were. Britain cannot for long go on fooling Americans into thinking that we are a great nation simply because we have the secret of gracious living and know how to behave in stately homes. Our best appeal to America to-day is as a country which can exert leadership, even though physically overshadowed by Russia and the United States. No one could give Britain a higher moral standing in America than the new Ambassador. It is twelve years now since he taught philosophy at the University of Chicago, but on the Campus there he is still spoken of with bated breath as the man who taught Moral Philosophy as if it had to do with morals and life, and not as the scribes do. Perhaps it is even more important that Franks will be able to explain Britain's economic plans and plight to the State Department in a convincing way. After all, it was he who, almost single-handed, explained the Paris report to a sceptical and hostile State Department, and won their support for almost every detail. Of one thing I am certain, none of the rather large group in America who believe Britain is doomed and decadent, will meet the new ambassador without being shocked by his passionate conviction that Britain cannot conceivably falter or fail.

* * *

I spent some time this week trying to check the extent of a loophole which, I had heard, exists in the ban on "basic." I had been told that there is a very simple explanation for the fact that fat limousines still appear to pursue their accustomed West End shop-restaurant-theatre round, with the same familiar, expensive faces inside and the identical chauffeur at the wheel. The dodge, it appears, is to "sell" your car to a complacent hire firm, who agree to employ your chauffeur, reserve the car exclusively for your use, and resell it to you at a stated price the moment the petrol ration is restored. The only difference made to the car is that it carries an unobtrusive plate at the back bearing the words "Hackney Carriage," Is this trick played on a big scale? Oddly enough, it is impossible to obtain an official reply one way or the other. Unless a car plies for hire on the street, it does not come within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police. Anyone may obtain, it seems, a licence for private hire work from the L.C.C.; and the only limits placed on an expansion of a hirer's business are the number of gallons of commercial petrol (granted as a rule pretty liberally) which he can wangle. No authority issues statistics showing separately the numbers of taxis and private hire cars—a curious omission in the otherwise comprehensive data published about motor transport. I suggest the deficiency should be made good. If it is proved that the number of cars engaged in private hire has grown significantly since the ending of "basic," there is surely a case for greatly tightening up the casual method of allotting licences for private car hire.

* * *

Human behaviour is very odd. This trite reflection was drawn from me by the experiences of a friend who has just returned from Sweden. The Scandinavians have a not undeserved reputation for being among the sanest and most civilised of Europeans. Is it a sign of sanity and civilisation that they have a passion for football pools? And they have this advantage over us that they have their football pools all the year round. The Swedes, like almost everyone except the British, play their football in the summer. The pools for the native football league are therefore a summer gamble, but there are also through the winter pools for the English League. My friend met a retired military man, who lives during the winter in a boarding-house somewhat south of Lapland; his main occupation during the winter months is to fill up the forms predicting the results in the English League. When the summer comes he goes north into Lapland and there sits in a shack filling up similar forms for the Swedish League. POLYCRITIC.

THE PILGRIMS

> The Commission do not intend to leave Lake Success until they have seen everything done to furnish them with adequate means to enforce their authority . . . . so they will cease to be five lonely pilgrims.
>
> *Chairman of the U.N. Palestine Commission.*

Though pilgrims should wander unharmed the Five feel a little alarmed,
For Mandate opponents are armed and lukewarm the Mandate supporters,
As forces of Britain withdraw imperilling order and law,
The Mandate is not worth a straw so far from the U.N. headquarters.

The writ of U.N. is worldwide, but the writ by the League is defied
And boycotted by Britain beside on the plea of unspotted neutrality,
And as the Commission reviews the hellbroth that Palestine brews
It fears it might shortly be news as a U.N. Partition fatality.

So the pilgrims are waiting a sign before they sit down on a mine,
Before they approach Palestine to camp by the waters of Jordan;
The pilgrims are faint in pursuit, for the Arabs are waiting to shoot
And a godspeed is no substitute for a strong international cordon.

Shall the U.N. majority plan be mocked from Beersheba to Dan
While the pilgrims alone in the van are thrown to the jaws of the lion,
Or will U.N. the Mandate uphold, will the rebels be chased from the fold
Till the tide of invasion is rolled from the mandated cities of Zion?

It's all very well for U.N. to improvise peace among men,
To write on a scroll with a pen humanity's post-dated charters,
But U.N. is told by the Five they would rather hold back and survive,
They would rather be pilgrims alive than first on U.N.s' roll of martyrs.

SAGITTARIUS

KASHMIR AND UNO

PANDIT NEHRU spoke for all India when, at a mass meeting at Jammu to-day, he expressed his keen disappointment at Uno's handling of the Kashmir issue. India appealed for a verdict on a straight legal issue. The delay involved in this appeal, followed by Gandhi's fast, and then by his assassination, has made actual war between India and Pakistan far less likely. But India deserved to have its appeal honestly considered and not side-tracked. Believing she had a cast-iron case, she is naturally bitterly resentful at finding herself placed in the dock. No one here denies that there may have been a sincere desire on the part of some members of the Security Council to use the occasion for attempting to make a permanent settlement of the many issues between India and Pakistan. But the Council's refusal to face the straight issue put to it has convinced almost everyone in India that the case has not been considered on its merits, but subordinated to the uses of "Power politics." In particular, it is said that one of the underlying factors has been Anglo-American concern about bases in Pakistan.

The result is a very rapid change of Indian feeling towards Britain. A year ago it was generally assumed that the British evacuation of India would be a difficult and dangerous business which would have to be carried out by "phased" semi-military operations. Instead of this, partly through the highly successful work of Lord Mountbatten, the British left behind them only the most friendly feelings in India. For the first time in history the British have been genuinely popular in India. It is truly said that, while Indian Ministers cannot go about without armed guards, any Englishman is to-day perfectly safe in any part of India. How far this happy relationship will continue in view of Britain's attitude at Lake Success is much open to question. A few weeks ago it was confidently expected that India would decide, in her forthcoming constitution, to remain part of the Commonwealth. This, I believe, is still undecided; but certainly no one should be surprised if India now prefers a completely separate status.

A short visit to Kashmir has given me the opportunity of judging India's case at first hand. The basic fact, too often neglected in discussions of the Kashmir issue, is that Britain defended the North-West frontier of India not only with several brigades of troops but, more effectively, by a subsidy of several million pounds a year to the tribesmen. These mountain tribes have from immemorial times lived by looting the plains; the British method was to give them money and goods so that looting was unnecessary. Pakistan has not paid any subsidy, and has endeavoured to kill two birds at one stroke by permitting the tribesmen to loot Kashmir. There is no possible doubt that, if India had not intervened last October, Srinagar and the lovely vale of Kashmir would now be a devastated and blackened ruin. Nor can there be any question that encouragement and aid have been given to the tribesmen in Pakistan.

I have questioned Pathan prisoners captured over the Jammu frontier many hundreds of miles from their homes. They have come sometimes with up-to-date weapons, and sometimes led by men obviously trained in the technique of modern warfare. Some of these are Pakistani carrying, I am told, army pay-books and wearing uniforms. It may or may not be true that they have all left the Pakistan army before embarking on this adventure. What is certain is that these raiders could not have reached this distant frontier except under organised supervision and in lorries supplied with petrol in Pakistan. Yesterday I questioned a remarkable prisoner, a Major, from the small and distant state of Amb, which had acceded to Pakistan. He said that three hundred rifles had been supplied to the Nawab on condition that he supplied a hundred soldiers to Pakistan, that he had been put in charge of these men and "lorried" to the Punjab frontier, where he had found that trouble had broken out between Pakistan troops and the tribesmen. He had been sent to take the place of a group of tribesmen and ordered to join up with the raiders into Kashmir territory. Of the seventeen men he had with him on the raid, fifteen were killed and he and one other man captured; all their rifles fell into the hands of the Indian troops. Unless this man was lying, which I think highly improbable, he was employed by Pakistan to fight in Kashmir.

Evidence of this kind can be multiplied indefinitely; and, having sat in the operations room at Jammu headquarters, I can also testify that the India Command takes the utmost care in using its aircraft against raiding parties until it is completely assured that they are hostile groups and well within the Kashmir frontier. The devastation done by these raiders can be seen any day as one proceeds by jeep over the rough and precarious road which is the only link, aircraft apart, between India and Kashmir. This road actually skirts, within a mile or two, the Pakistan frontier, which is marked with no more serious obstacle than an occasional white boundary stone. Convoys bringing supplies to Jammu district come up this road at night; by day we met thousands of baggage animals bringing food for the population, which is swollen by refugees from the stricken villages. On the day I was there the smoke was still rising from villages that had been raided the previous night. I discussed the raid with the local Home Guard, which (the shade of Lord Croft may be interested to know) was moving armed with home-made pikes.

As long as Pakistan cares to allow these raids to proceed, they cannot be stopped, for nature never meant there to be a frontier between Jammu and the Punjab. You might as well talk of a frontier between Norfolk and Suffolk. Standing at a sentry post looking into Pakistan, I saw the cultivators working as usual in the fields only a few hundred yards away. On the Kashmir side the crops were standing in the fields untended, and the villages were burnt out or deserted. Thus India is confronted, not only with the military problem of supplying and maintaining troops at the end of a long pipe-line, but also with the task of feeding many thousand refugees who have fled to the protection of the Indian Army. Perhaps the most poignant case of all is that of women who have been abducted by Pathans and rescued, or who have escaped, with the knowledge that their husbands and children have been killed or taken to camps of evil reputation in Pakistan.

According to the India view, which on this point seems irrefutable, these raids constitute an invasion of Indian territory. Legally there is no doubt that the Maharajah of Kashmir, after long hesitation and after vainly asking for Pakistan's protection against the tribesmen, acceded to India, and that the Indian troops did not enter Kashmir until he invited them. If it is said that India acted illegally in the case of Junagadh, the decisive reply is that, in the case of Junagadh, Pakistan itself laid it down that the head of the State alone had the right to decide on the question of accession. Moreover, India strengthened her case on both occasions by making accession provisional, pending the results of a plebiscite. In the case of Kashmir, India also insisted on the abolition of the Maharajah's oppressive regime and the recognition of Sheikh Abdullah as the popular head of an emergency administration. Certainly one factor which has played an important part in the minds of the Indian leaders is that Abdullah's administration provides an outstanding proof that India is not "Hindustan," and that there are Muslims who have voluntarily chosen to come into an India which, as Nehru has emphasised, should be a democracy in which miniorities can live safely and freely.

In this short cable I am concerned only to summarise the legal and moral case as India sees it, because I know that the failure by the British delegates at Uno and by a large part of the British press to appreciate it is doing great damage to Anglo-Indian relations. I believe that India might have been more ready to make concessions on the question of substituting an outside force for the Indian army in Jammu and the Vale of Kashmir if the honesty and strength of their case against Pakistan had been recognised at Lake Success. Responsible Indian leaders who are now engaged in suppressing the more fanatical communal Hindu bodies fully realise the utterly disastrous consequences of a war between India and Pakistan. That would mean the victory in India of those semi-Fascist elements which would have at their disposal the appalling argument that there are in India thirty-five million Muslims, many of whom might constitute a fifth column. It would mean the end of the hopes of social change which have animated the progressive side of Congress, and the concentration of India's money resources and brains on the destruction of the whole sub-continent. It would probably involve international complications which would create in India and Pakistan conditions resembling those of the Spanish Civil War. In the Indian and Pakistan armies, which only separated a few months ago after long years of joint service, the possibility of war is viewed with incredulous horror. An Indian army officer remarked to me that it was completely unthinkable. All that is to the good. But the question remains of Pakistan's desire for peace and of how to rid Kashmir and India of tribal raids. This, once more, means joint defence and large subsidies. But these issues must be left to another article.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Jammu, Kashmir, Feb. 16.

AFTER EIRE'S ELECTION

It is a curious fact that, if one studies in retrospect the pronouncements of the various parties in this month's election, no dominant issue can be found. Government spokesmen declared that the fight was over administration rather than policy. All the critics joined in the cry, "De Valera Must Go!" But, though "Dev." lost his majority, the only alternative Government would be a Coalition too uneasy to last.

Clann na Poblachta did not sweep the country. They won ten seats, five of them in Dublin. But, considering the youth of the party, that it had no time to perfect electoral machinery, and that it fought the election on an old register which meant that many of the younger, discontented elements were disfranchised, its gains are by no means negligible. The Clann brought a new vigour into politics. It provided a rallying point for discontent. This attitude of mind rather than any specific policy helped to give reality to the election.

The Irish Labour Party did well, advancing from 8 to 14. If the Labour cause had been more vigorously upheld in the Dail, the party might have taken the popular leadership of the movement of social discontent at the polls. While hostilities lasted, Mr. De Valera played his strong card as the man who kept Eire out of the war. This has now lost its magic, though his followers, somewhat half-heartedly, suggest that he may be able to keep us out of the next. Mr. de Valera himself declared that unless he was returned to power the country was doomed, with a "desperate doom." But that has always been his feeling regarding coalitions.

Popular discontent with the De Valera administration—chiefly on social grounds—was responsible for the Government's loss of seats. There is a general feeling that the Government has been far too complacent about social evils due to economic stress. Mr. De Valera placed most emphasis on the question of the Border (on which he has no immediate practical policy), though all parties in Eire agree about this. Next he emphasised "compulsory Irish," which does not mean any new departure but merely standing by the existing policy of teaching elementary school children through the medium of Irish—a policy condemned by teachers and others on purely educational grounds. When the Labour and Clann na Poblachta candidates urged that one barrier to national unity was that Old Age pensioners in Eire received 12s. 6d. weekly, with means test, while in the Six Counties 26s. is paid, they were denounced as letting down the nation.

This matter of the old-age pension indicates the growing feeling that the Government, while being very attentive to big business, has been negligent of the needs of the poor. One of the Clann na Poblachta candidates, Dr. Noel Browne—who was elected—based his campaign on the Government's lack of effective measures to deal with the tuberculosis scourge. He charged that 4,000 preventable deaths a year had occurred during the fifteen years of the Fianna Fail administration. Nearly all the election criticism of the Government party went back to social policy.

Housing was a sore point because everyone in Eire knows of the house famine. Evictions have been carried out in Dublin to secure higher rents. The Government reply was, first, that everything possible was being done, and, secondly, that Eire was better off than other countries. This attitude cannot satisfy those who want homes, adequate means of living or proper treatment in cases of sickness. A vigorous, if indiscriminate, "anti-Red" campaign was launched by the Minister for Local Government, who obviously found it easier to lambast his opponents as "Reds" than to explain or defend his social policy.

A ludicrous feature of the "anti-Red" campaign was the revelation that, in 1920, De Valera's envoys in America advanced a loan to Russia on the security of jewels brought to Ireland for safe keeping. When Mr. De Valera came to power, in 1932, the jewels were handed to him, and the receipt was signed by himself and Mr. Sean MacEntee, the chief "Red-baiter." So it was revealed that they helped to finance the Russian Revolution in the early days. The ex-revolutionaries of the De Valera party have grown very conservative since they came to rely on the business men.

During the election campaign, Government spokesmen made great use of the name of Patrick Pearse, the 1916 leader, in the language controversy. But Pearse also had decided views about social betterment. In the great Dublin Labour struggle of 1913 Pearse wrote:—

> Twenty thousand Dublin families live in one-room tenements. It is common to find two or three families occupying the same room. The tenement houses of Dublin are so rotten that they periodically collapse upon their inhabitants . . .

This was written thirty-five years ago, and, during the recent election campaign, another Dublin tenement house collapsed. The wall of a Fianna Fail committee room also fell, exposing all the leaflets explaining what had been done for housing during the past fifteen years.

The next election must be fought on a new register, so that the younger voters will be able to express their social discontent at the polls. Perhaps Fianna Fail will shed its Left Wing and join with what is left of Fine Gael. The Labour Party should find natural allies in Clann na Poblachta. This election has revealed that the conflict of the future will be over social policy. That, as in other countries, is coming to be the real issue in Ireland.

R. M. Fox

THE THEATRE CONFERENCE

The first British Theatre Conference, which opened at the Caxton Hall on February 5th and closed at His Majesty's Theatre on the 8th, has come and gone. It was a successful conference. I mean by this that it did the work it set out to do, and that it created an atmosphere that left delegates and observers heartened and not discouraged. We did not say to ourselves at the end of the last long tiring day at His Majesty's: "Never again!" On the contrary, we felt ready to plan another such Conference, perhaps in 1949 instead of 1950.

Certain impressions remain, and they are worth noting. To begin with, it seemed to me an unusually well-organised Conference. I can say this because, although I was chairman of the Preparatory Committee, I had little to do with the actual organisation, a task largely undertaken by the joint editors of *Theatre News Letter* and Ted Willis and one or two other youngish enthusiasts. They did a difficult job, and they did it magnificently. This is important because it is no use demanding a better-organised Theatre if you show yourself to be incapable of good organisation. Now an ill-mannered editorial in a theatrical managers' journal had suggested that the organisers of this Conference were merely so many unimportant young men "in corduroy trousers and sandals" capable of nothing but exhaling hot air. I never noticed the trousers and sandals, but the good organisation was strongly in evidence, which is more than can be said of the entertainment industry represented by that particular journal.

The tactics of the managers' organisations, which steadily refused the invitations we held out to them, were significant. First, they refused because the Conference was of no particular importance, merely so much corduroy, sandals, hot air. When it became apparent that this excuse would not do, they announced that they had not had time to consider the resolutions, although in fact they had had as much time as all the other theatre organisations. Finally, when the Conference had actually opened, Mr. Walter Payne issued a statement to the press and declared that many of his members objected to attending a Conference presided over by me, because of my "abusive and ill-informed criticism." Now in point of fact my criticism of managers and owners has never been abusive, and if it is ill-informed, which of course I deny, then by not attending the Conference these gentlemen missed a fine opportunity of correcting my misinformation. But—what is more important—I was not elected chairman of the Conference until the opening plenary session, and if the managers had taken the forty seats allotted to them, they could have proposed some other person as chairman. They had a solid *bloc* of forty out of about one hundred and thirty Inner Ring delegates, and if their views about chairmanship had met with any approval at all, then they could have elected one of their own members as chairman.

It is obvious from these rather messy tactics that the real reason for this official managerial boycott of the Conference has not yet seen daylight. I have been told that it is because they believed the Conference to be "political." (The term "political" still means Left Wing. Right Wing politics are still not considered "political.") Actually I never heard a political speech throughout the Conference, which was what it declared itself to be—a forum of expert theatrical discussion. My own view is that the managers' associations boycotted the Conference because the older managers resent the very notion that playwrights, directors, actors, theatre technicians should meet to discuss the state of the Theatre, should offer to bandy words with *them*, the managers, the owners, the gentlemen in the *private office*. Thus we have the strange spectacle of chartered accountants, speculators in real estate, and the like, telling playwrights, directors, actors, the people who really create the theatre, that they need no assistance in running *their* entertainment industry. And there is evidence that many of the younger managers, some of whom attended the Conference, now regret this absurd attitude.

We must confess that without the managers the Conference could not be considered fully representative. But apart from the fact that this was not our fault, for we did everything possible to bring in the managers, too much has been made of this. Many managements had in fact spokesmen at the Conference, and among these spokesmen were people like Peter Brooke, John Burrell, Basil Dean, Norman Marshall, Michael MacOwan, representative figures of the serious contemporary theatre. As a dramatist I could cheerfully carry on for the rest of my career with the managements, including the whole Repertory and Little Theatre movements, that did not boycott this Conference. It is true that theatre owners were not represented. But all kinds of people own theatres or a share in them, and it does not follow that such persons are competent to discuss theatrical problems. Nevertheless, I am sorry the owners had no voice in these proceedings, though again I must stress the fact that what audiences pay to see has not been produced by the owner of a building but by playwrights, directors, actors, designers and theatre technicians, working together just as they did at the Conference. And I can only hope that this plain fact will be recognised by a Labour Government, a Government that, it must be admitted, appeared to advantage at the final session in the very fine speech by Sir Stafford Cripps.

The most important resolutions of the Conference, and those that received the very strongest support, ask for some co-operation from the Government. These include the demand for a Theatre Working Party, the control by a public authority of the use and rents of theatre buildings, a substantial reduction of Entertainment Duty *if* this control of theatre buildings is established, a vastly increased grant to the drama section of the Arts Council, and a total abolition of the censorship based on that anachronism, the licensing of plays by the Lord Chamberlain. Let me point out that resolutions of this kind are no hole-in-the-corner affairs. If successfully implemented, they would affect the cultural life of every town of any size in the country. In most of these towns it is the lively minded and most articulate people who are interested in the Theatre. So much for quality. And when we turn to quantity, although the Theatre has not the vast audiences of film and radio, it has in fact a much larger following than is generally imagined. And, unlike film and radio, the demand for good Theatre is increasing. The recent fit-up tours backed by the Arts Council have been an uproarious success. Radio and film appeal because they are easy and convenient, but people will travel miles and wait for hours to enjoy the old magic of the play.

I mention these facts chiefly for the benefit of Fleet Street, which does not seem to be aware of them. Newspapers will offer columns to rumours from Broadcasting House or Wardour Street, yet even the more intelligent of them, with the notable exception of the *Manchester Guardian*, did not even attempt to report the Theatre Conference adequately. Space could be found for the peevish letter from the managers but not for the deliberations of actors, writers, directors, musicians, and theatre workers in general. Even papers that pride themselves on giving some space to the Theatre failed us badly. I doubt if there is another European country in which a Theatre Conference of this size and importance would have been so miserably reported. (And this was certainly not the fault of our press officer.) Is this deliberate policy or is it due to ignorance of the facts mentioned above? In most instances, I believe, it is ignorance or journalistic fashion. Editors still do not realise that the Theatre is growing and bent on a lustier life. They should see this for themselves at the next Conference.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

JEREMY BENTHAM

IN the two centuries that have passed since Jeremy Bentham was born, on February 15, 1748, it has become even more clear that it would be difficult to exaggerate the debt that later generations owe to his work. It is no doubt true that he was an eccentric person, that a great deal of what he wrote is unreadable except by the most determined of specialists. But a number of discoveries made about him in recent years, mostly by that untiring and devoted scholar, Professor C. W. Everett, of Columbia University, have made Bentham infinitely more human. We now know that, as a young man, he was ardently in love with a girl for whom he could not expect parental approval, and that he was ready to sacrifice the hope of wealth, and even wrote a sequel to the famous "Fragment on Government," as the first step to economic independence. It becomes ever more clear, also, that his main editor and executor, Sir John Bowring, did his job so wretchedly that, apart from three or four of his major works, all that he wrote needs to be re-edited from the manuscripts themselves, and that it is important to have a really full and well-edited collection of his correspondence. If half the care and attention were given to Bentham that is normally bestowed on a fifth-rate Latin author of the late Silver Age, we should find that, even yet, we have hardly exhausted the fund of creative stimulus upon which he ceaselessly drew.

The young man who asked himself whether he had a "genius for legislation," and replied "tremblingly in the affirmative" has had his judgment amply confirmed by every subsequent writer in the fields to which he devoted himself. He was not only a great law reformer—greater than any other in English history. He not only put forward a method of social analysis which—though we now know it to be defective in its metaphysical foundations — had the immense advantage of making urgent reforms seem practicable to the hard-headed politicians and bankers and business men of his day. He had a capacity for institutional inventiveness that was of the highest order. He had the gift of winning, and keeping, disciples. He founded a real school of thought, the members of which felt morally compelled to get out into the world and fight to give substance to his principles. He was honoured in France and Spain, in South America and Russia and the United States. He was completely disinterested, and he laboured ceaselessly for his ideas as though his very life depended upon their success. Hardly a change that he advocated but called for a direct attack upon the most powerful vested interests of his time—the Church, the Bench, the Bar, the Civil List, Governments and Government Departments, the then immense aristocracy of privilege in all its forms. He struck at them all quite fearlessly, always calling a spade a spade, and never hesitating to symbolise what he used to call a "sinister interest" by the name of the most eminent man he could find to attack. Even though it be true that, especially after 1815, the tide was running his way, it is important to remember how deep and wide were the channels he had already dug to receive the sweep of its waters.

Let us not forget, moreover, that he began as a strong Tory, and that his radicalism was born of what, to him, was the amazing discovery that, if it is to their interest to do so, powerful men are quite prepared to tolerate the continuance of wrong even when they know it to be wrong. Bentham found such an attitude indefensible; it not only offended his deep sense of benevolence —one of the outstanding traits of his character—but it seemed to him an outrage against the authority of reason in human affairs; and there is an important sense in which he strove to make it clear to two generations, that if they abandoned their recognition of the duty to obey reason, then in the community of mankind chaos is bound to be king. It is worth noting that though he saw the American and the first two French Revolutions, he was never worked into a frenzy by them. He grasped at once the simple fact that Sully had seen a century and a half before his time, that even Burke had admitted in one of those moments of lucid genius he had between his bursts of insane fury against the French—the fact that there is never popular violence without popular suffering. If he made security the first need of social life, he never failed to insist that each of us is to count as one, and no more than one, and that, other things being equal, each of us must be regarded as the best judge of his own interests. He sought to make the law rational, to reform Parliament and prisons, to establish national education, to prevent the tyranny of ecclesiasticism, to organise an efficient civil service, to convince men of the importance of a full supply of truthful news, to make the punishment fit the crime, to get rid of the fantastic Civil List which enabled Court and aristocracy to make the public pay for its favourites and its poor relations by putting them on the Civil List. He understood the need for Dominion status almost a century before it became a general topic of discussion. No book has ever shown better than his *Book of Fallacies* the supple and devious ways in which vested interests seek to ward off necessary change. He said plainly and simply that law which most people cannot afford is not only a denial of justice, but in the end pretty certain to become bad law. He was aware of the importance of semantics. Without access to what foreign scholars were doing in his time, he found out for himself how flimsy were the historical foundations upon which orthodox Christianity was built. He made profoundly important suggestions about the procedure of legislative assemblies, and the structure and operation of Government Departments. The more closely his achievement is scrutinised, the more astonishing does it become, when its range and penetration are taken into account. No man has been more influential in British social thought and reform in modern times. There is, indeed, a real sense in which he is one of the more vital intellectual sources from which, through John Stuart Hill, democratic Socialism drew its inspiration after the collapse of the Chartist movement.

Bentham has been criticised for his lack of an historical sense; and Marx sneered at him as a fitting philosopher for a nation of profit-making shopkeepers. Both criticisms are wholly misconceived. Political utilitarianism can weigh, as one of the factors in expediency, the importance of the past as an element in the decisions that have to be made. Bentham, on this head, might well retort that we are only too much inclined to give undue authority to the claims of the past, and merely to refuse to examine the need for change on no other ground than that an institution or principle is hoary with age. He thought that what was really sacrilege was the unwillingness to undertake reform when the call for it was obviously urgent. The answer to Marx is the simple and final one that Bentham died at the age of eighty-four in 1832; and that few things are more un-Marxian than to blame him for not being a Marxian socialist sixteen years before the *Communist Manifesto* was published. No man did more than Bentham did to give radicalism a body of principles and a method of attack at a time when war and revolution had driven all attempts at serious social change underground. Nor must it be forgotten that the value of the instruments he devised were of great help far beyond the middle classes. His kind of radicalism had an inner and inherent power to throw a clear and searching light upon social abuses; they enabled an effective case to be made against any sort of privilege which gives to a small group of people a personal reward which is independent of the performance of any social function. It may be added that, the more one knows of Bentham, the more affection one has for him as a person. He was always generous, always serene, and always kindly. He did good because he genuinely rejoiced in the chance of doing good. In the highest sense of the word, he was not only a great citizen in his own country; he was also a great citizen of the world. He had, no doubt, his foibles; but, in remembering them, we ought never to forget that the chief amongst them was finding ways and means of doing the greatest good to the greatest number. There are not too many in our history of whom that can be said with so much truth.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

SPRING DANCE

LATE, late. But lift now the diffident fiddle and fill
The dancing bed with light and the bud-room with thunder
Till the floors fall in and walls laugh under
The envious knockings of neighbours, and over the sill
The daffodil day looks in. You who are standing,
Yes you, kick up your kilt of legs like a gawky foal
And fling away there! On every leaf-landing
The lovers are forking, on every stair-air
They are larking: the dog-days are barking
In all the backyards. So off with your careful sark
And lift the diffident fiddle. O the lilt's not difficult, if
You have soil in your soul. God in the clod, then, begin
And cloud into powder your foot and fetlock of clay
As you clout the floor and claw your next-of-skin
In a fug of guffaws. Ah, there's never a fog
That fails to ivy and over the wall of its huff
And hangover. Not even a gruff one who won't
Give a heave—and a fig for all leaves!—and have after,
(How the daft words proliferate in me like laughter!)
As Jack after Jill. So off with your careful sark and lift
The diffident fiddle. Can no one cajole you
To hyphenate hands in the dance, and piece out its pauses
With passes? Listen! The night-cocks are throwing their crowing
Far beyond sight of their own height and knowing
Into the light. You, only, are lacking
The jocular glow. Look how the gales brag and bring
Surprises of birds all paradised-over by Spring.

W. R. RODGERS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

"A Comedy of Good and Evil" at the Arts
"Penelope," at the A.D.C. Cambridge
"Golden Rain," at the New Lindsey

Scene—a Welsh kitchen. Mrs. "Church" Williams at the harmonium which wheezes under the pressure of her one false leg as she tries to find a good Amen. By the fire The Rev. John Williams, Rector of Cylfant, at £15 a year plus rectory at the moment let to summer visitors whose washing he proceeds to put through the mangle while he wrestles aloud with the problem of good and evil. So begins this very charming comedy of Welsh manners by Richard Hughes. The problem soon materialises for him in the shape of a blue-sashed girl, a wily representative of his Satanic Majesty. Then follow some delicious jokes; much the funniest is the new real leg with black silk stocking and jewelled garter which the devil's miracle provides for Mrs. "Church." Miss Diana Morgan gave this leg of hers a delightfully animated life of its own, just as she gave to the rest of her part a lovely warm glow. Miss Hilda Schroder as the child of the Devil was a little too harsh and unrelaxed; but excellent her little scene when she is disputing possession of the Rector's soul with the local representative of the Angelic power whom we had thought to be a mere fish-seller (Desmond Llewelyn) until he tries to exorcise her complete with bell, book and candle. If some of the supporting talk rather missed the native note, Mr. Hugh Griffiths as the Rector gave a performance admirably expressive and finished. Miss Vivienne Bennett deserves our thanks for producing this engaging comedy.

It was a bold experiment of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club to put on a play written by an undergraduate, and, if the combinations of inexpertness were rather too much for them, it was all the same worth doing. *Penelope*, by Mr. Duncan Forbes, the winning entry in a play competition held last year, gives us an ironical modern version of the return of Ulysses. The last act was the best, and it was a sign of Mr. Forbes's promise that its effectiveness and fun spring from all that has gone before. It is in the lead-up that the play's weakness lies, a lack of movement and a first act which doesn't clearly enough state the mood for us. His Penelope, who is the centre of it, is so much less well-drawn a character than the Ulysses. Good performances came from Mr. Sidney Giles, and from Mr. Morris Perry (Ulysses). The production by Mr. Stephen Joseph showed imagination and skill.

Golden Rain reminded me of one of those large Edwardian mechanical landscapes in a glass case. You wind it up; and then, in every corner, something begins to happen; a stream flows: a bird sings: a man chops a tree: a lady twirls a parasol: a horse and cart proceed. Substitute for that desirable cliché a version of the contemporary scene, a factory, a bench in a park, a boys' club. Substitute for the rural activities a daft boy setting fire to a house, a spiv rolling his shoulders, a basket of Siamese cats, a "fence," examining some "rocks," a murderer going about his business and there, all going on at once, you have the play Mr. Stephen Wendt has wound up and set going at the New Lindsey. The wonder is that so much can happen in so small a space and Mr. Richard Lake, who did the ingenious sets, and Mr. Denis Freeman, who produced, have shown immense cleverness in getting it all into the tiny stage. Psychological melodrama I suppose it would be called, if one had to define it. But the "psychology" really interferes with the melodrama and the melodrama doesn't fit into the psychology. Mr. Noel Howlett lied, cheated, dissembled and finally murdered with a most appropriate slimy slyness and it was his performance that held the play together. Mr. Hugh Munro was horribly convincing as the daft boy. In two small parts Mr. Philip Stainton showed a marked sense of character.

T. C. WORSLEY.

RADIO NOTES

WHAT the B.B.C. delightfully calls its domestic services—hot, cold and luke-warm on tap—broadcast on an average about two-hundred-and-forty programmes a week. These fall into two classes: that in which the programme, as the listener hears it, is simply a substitute for something else, attendance at a theatre, concert hall, lecture or political meeting, and that—much smaller in quantity—which has come into being as a result of the medium itself and could exist in no other form. The critic's temptation is to concentrate on the second class of programme—thereby shirking his duty, part of which is to see that the substitutes provided are the best available. In drama the most important substitute last week was the *Electra* of Euripides in Professor Murray's translation. Of the production I have nothing to say, and Maria Becker's performance was admirable. But has not the B.B.C. a duty to Greek drama over and above occasional presentations of it in Professor versions? One would like to think that it was quietly looking for poets who would give us the Greek dramatists in modern verse. Memorable examples of the kind of translation we need have already been given us by Mr. MacNeice and Mr. Rex Warner. If we cannot have new verse translations, then may we not have prose translations such as Yeats's version of the *Oedipus*, produced so brilliantly at the Old Vic two years ago? The trouble with the *Electra* was that one couldn't see Euripides for Professor Murray. His Swinburnian verse is as opaque a medium as one may well imagine. What is needed is a Greek drama translated into an English much more spare and muscular. If the B.B.C. does not sponsor such new versions, no other organisation is likely to.

Of programmes that are not substitutes, that are examples of radio art as distinct from radio technique, the most considerable for some time has been Mr. Robert Gittings's play *The Seven Sleepers*. As broadcast last week, it was, I thought, over-long: it is not easy, such is the concentration the loudspeaker demands of the listener, for any radio-dramatist to hold his audience engrossed for two-and-a-quarter hours, and cutting would have screwed up the dramatic intensity. All the same, Mr. Gittings with his story of a Christian hunted by the persecutions of Nero and emerging from a sleep of nineteen centuries into modern Sorrento with its black market and corrupt police, was extraordinarily successful. There is a heresy abroad that the characters most suited to radio-drama are the unsubtle types of the morality play and the expressionist drama; Mr. Gittings's delightfully fresh characterisation—the girl Tonina was especially well drawn—disproved it. No less impressive was the way Mr. Gittings kept the action moving all the time, and in such a manner that it was always visible to the inward eye. This is a tribute to the effectiveness of his verse, his production and his actors. Altogether, the most charming new radio-play for a long time.

WILLIAM SALTER.

THE MOVIES

"The World is Rich" and "Against the Wind," at Tivoli and New Gallery

"Better late than never" applies to both films that provide the double programme at the Tivoli and the New Gallery. True, the lesson of Paul Rotha's *The World is Rich* concerns us pressingly to-day as it did yesterday; but why have so many months been allowed to lapse before making the film public? (I am not counting a few performances during the Edinburgh Festival.) Why, when everyone has taken to gassing about food as once we did about the weather, has this bombshell of argument about the world's food been left in its pigeon-hole? The answer, I am afraid, is that the Government, meaning well, has behaved rather less than well. It has "saved" the documentary film from a peace-time

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extinction, but saved it in such a way as to make any lively behaviour impossible. Policy has become timid, the machinery of delay has taken over, marketing is insufficient, payment slow and meagre, more than half of the available celluloid now goes to the Government Unit (Film Crown); and the result has been—insignificance. A proof is that *The World is Rich*, an urgent film if ever there was one, has been made by an independent unit, and has been allowed to lie idle month after month.

Here is a piece that will hit hard at any audience. Rotha has simplified a little his technique of argument; he explains rather less and asserts more in images that strike instantly. The glimpses of waste and of starvation, of an animal in one quarter of the world being fed on grain while a man drops dead of hunger in another, tell a story that only the cinema can tell. The close-up of hunger—German children scrabbling bits from a refuse-tip, a bread riot in Naples, the spectres of famine in India or China, less dreadful only than Belsen—must dismay all except the conscienceless. Yet this is not a shocking film. It tells us what we knew already, but have always to be told again: the simple truth that humanity is divided into two classes, the fed and the unfed. If *The World is Rich* brought home only that one point, it would have been very well worth making; but it enlightens also with causes and remedies. The efforts of F.A.O. in the United Nations to deal with food as a world problem will be introduced to most people for the first time in a vivid manner. Sir John Boyd Orr, La Guardia and others put their case in person, and the case is as unanswerable as the energies of these planners are, apparently, undaunted. *The World is Rich* ought by now to have been shown by every cinema in the country. Perhaps the present shortage of feature films will persuade exhibitors to open their screens to 35 minutes of news story that is neither above the head nor below the belt of the average patron? Our thanks, at any rate, to Mr. Rotha and to his scriptwriter Mr. Calder-Marshall for a piece that raises English documentary out of the dumps.

How good it would have been to see *Against the Wind* a couple of years ago! Then, the training and parachuting of agents into Belgium, the dynamite in bricks and wireless sets in sewing-machines, would have thrilled us immeasurably. Skilfully made and well-acted, *Against the Wind* manages to provide a successful thriller out of its revelations from the underground battle. But alas we know that battle already on the higher levels of *Open City*, and convincing though *Against the Wind* may be it cannot to-day stir as it should. Still, a neat, handsome, well-executed job.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BALLET

"Scènes de Ballet," at Covent Garden

We have had occasion to remark before on this page, à propos of Frederick Ashton's ballet, *The Wanderer*, which on its first appearance was most uncivilly received, that a new beauty does not always appear to be beautiful on first acquaintance. Cocteau goes so far as to say that it *should* not; but it was not to the discredit of *Symphonic Variations* that the beauty of this ballet was universally acclaimed from the first moment. That also was a new beauty, but no doubt more easily assimilable, owing partly to the exquisite simplicity of its decor and the emotional quality of the music, than Ashton's new Stravinsky ballet. *Scènes de Ballet* was not well presented at its *première;* indeed, André Beaurepaire's beautiful decor was quite misrepresented. A tiny pavilion, intended, I believe, for an apotheosis, was seen in the middle of a black and empty space, flanked by two towering architectural ruins, and suggested a miraculous relic left intact by the Blitz. The incongruous proportions and unfavourable lighting prevented one concentrating fully on the choreographic design, which I incline to think one of the finest we have ever seen. At the second performance the intention of the scenographer was realised, and the rusty-pink two-storied colonnade of the backcloth, with architectural wings of massive but airy design, seemed an admirable frame for the choreography, though possibly nearer in spirit to a Greek tragedy by Cocteau than to the light texture of Stravinsky's score and Ashton's strictly classical yet lyrically veined choreography.

The choreographer has constructed his ballet on the pattern of the classical dance indicated by Stravinsky in the score, and has further rendered the composer's ingenious and exciting tonal acrobacies by a dazzling combination of steps and postures. The tonal acrobacies are indeed muted by a very delicate orchestration, and the choreographic plan is also of great delicacy as well as richness. Formally, this ballet is of extraordinary beauty, and so inevitable is the evolution of its purely abstract design that, as one listens and watches, the correspondences of musical and plastic space shape themselves before one into a geometric, dispassionate harmony which is indeed something new and strange and altogether admirable.

It would be rash, after only seeing it twice, to "criticize" a ballet so intricate in design and so rich in choreographic invention; but I venture to prophesy that it will come to be regarded as one of Ashton's finest compositions. It was brilliantly danced by Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, the two soloists, and the four male dancers, Alexander Grant, Donald Britton, John Field and Philip Chatfield.

The costumes are light and charming, the design of the bodices echoing the choreographic geometry. I have heard them reproached as reminiscent of the nineteen-twenties; but why should that decade be more taboo than any other? Surely beauty and suitability are the only criterion.

BERYL DE ZOETE

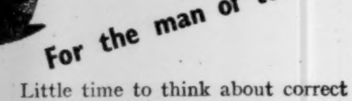
ART

Forty Years of Modern Art at 163 Oxford Street

With a good retrospective show the Institute of Contemporary Arts announces ambitious projects. Under this title a group of enthusiasts are launching their scheme for something like a Museum of Modern Art in London. If we support them to the tune of £50,000, we are promised by Mr. Herbert Read "a *foyer*, a hearth round which the artist and his audience can gather in unanimity, in fellowship, in mutual understanding and aspiration." Whatever prejudice these quaint ideas may arouse the present exhibition will help to dispel. A collection is shown of 128 pieces by some 70 artists, all borrowed in England perforce, owing to the disgraceful rules which still frustrate the transfer of works of art between here and other countries. The accent is upon those painters whose originality excited when they first appeared, but almost half the room is devoted to less startling artists.

Inevitably the standard is set by the great Frenchmen, Picasso's *Green Woman* appearing again as a work destined someday for a national gallery. Looking from one side of the hall to the other one feels a movement not only from objective to subjective painting, but from sensuous pleasure to austerity, from the heart to the head. And although this trend, which truly reflects the spirit of the times, has produced such vulgarities as the examples here by Léger, Wadsworth and Delvaux, it has not stifled the flowering of Gris, Klee and Frances Hodgkins. Apart from the work of the Masters, pictures by Balthus, Paul Nash (*Northern Adventure*), and MacBride should be noticed, and the sculpture of Gaudier-Brzeska, Gabo and Lembruck. The 1948 Sutherland, with a face (? Mrs. Chad) peeping over the red paling, does not do justice to his remarkable development in the last year. This show is open till 10 p.m., except on March 2nd, including Sundays. Art lovers who want a change from the bolted sandwich and overcooked supperette of a theatre evening are recommended to dine at leisure and visit the Academy Hall. They will find something to please them and something which used to shock them too.

E. K.



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WESTERN UNION

SIR,—The child who exclaimed that the Emperor had no clothes on, caused embarrassment, cries of "Bad taste!" and mortification among the court sycophants. The Benelux Countries and France have shown a similar indelicacy in pointing out that, for the present at least, Mr. Bevin's Western Union is no more than a number of widely differing ideas in the minds of the onlookers. The French, in particular, a precise and cautious people, have asked, as prospective partners in Western Union, what they will get out of it. The kindred souls of the West are concerned about their kindred bodies.

No enduring union with France can succeed unless it takes account of her fundamental needs, acknowledged by every Party from the Communists to the Gaullists. She must have security against Germany, and she must have a high level of steel production to maintain her industrial life. These two requirements are associated with each other. France looks for her security not merely to the military clauses of the Dunkirk Treaty, but also to industrial control of the Ruhr. In 1939, Germany produced 16 million tons of steel, France only 8 million. To-day France's steel output is at the rate of 6 million tons a year, although her capacity is at least 12 million tons. Half her blast-furnaces are idle—not through lack of workers, but through lack of coke. France wants the output of Ruhr coal to be raised to the highest possible level, but she wants to alter the pre-war practice of sending Lorraine iron-ore to the Ruhr coke for conversion into steel. She wants the Ruhr coke to come to the Lorraine iron-ore. If this were done, the centre of gravity of European heavy industry would move from the Ruhr to Lorraine, South-East Belgium and Luxembourg; and the pre-war ratio of industrial production between France and Germany would be reversed.

France's doubts about the decisions of Britain and America on bizonal economic administration are based less on *amour propre* than on national fear. She knows that the Americans are anxious to make Bizonia pay its way as quickly as possible—at the cost, she fears, of invading markets where France herself must sell in order to live. France, in the interests of her national life, is asking that there should be a controlled integration of the Western German economy into Western Europe. That means a permanent allied Board of Control, with eventual German participation, to decide what should be made in Germany, and how the product should be distributed in order most effectively to serve the needs of Europe. Agreement between Britain and France on control of the Ruhr is a pre-condition of Western Union.

A second major obstacle to a new Anglo-French understanding lies in the fact that the Cripps Plan and the Monnet Plan, independently evolved, are not complementary but competitive—and in some respects, mutually destructive. Both plans aim at restoring the trade balance by increased exports. The Anglo-French Economic Committee—representatives of the *Commissariat du Plan* and the Board of Trade—concerns itself with matters of detail, in order to avoid economic conflict between the two countries. But the range of authority of this Civil Service committee is limited. Useful as a study-group and for its technical advice, it has neither the prestige nor the power to make the major arrangements necessary for the full co-operation of the Anglo-French economies.

To take one significant illustration of the clash between the Monnet and Cripps Plans, the Monnet Plan provides for a considerable development of the French motor industry, designed to capture world markets, at a time when the British motor industry is struggling to hit the Cripps export target. For the time being, owing to steel shortages, the French industry can do no more than limp along. But the inherent conflict of purpose remains, just as it lies hidden in the young French and British tractor industries. To make Anglo-French Economic Union a reality, there must be new agencies of bi-national consultation and action—industrial cartels in some cases which, shorn of their monopolistic and private character, and subject to the control and scrutiny of both Governments, will make the most efficient use of British and French resources. If, for example, there were a motor agreement between Britain and France, under which Britain produced medium-sized and luxury cars, while the French produced the miniature cars in which they now excel, both the Monnet and the Cripps targets might be reached without a damaging clash between the manufacturers of both countries.

In producing the Monnet Plan, the French used a method of consultation, approved by all the political parties and by the sectional interests concerned in the matter, which might suitably be used in the joint planning of Anglo-French industry. Working under the *Commissariat Général* were eighteen industrial Commissions, each of which was composed of industrialists, Civil Servants, technical experts and trade unionists. What is required for the union of the Anglo-French economies is an agency of permanent consultation between the industrialists, Civil Servants, technical experts and trade unionists of both countries. An Anglo-French Economic Agency would correspond with the *Commissariat Général;* subdivisions for each industry would correspond with Monnet's Commissions.

If Western Union is to mean more than a military alliance and a *mystique*, now is the time to clothe it in economic reality.

MAURICE EDELMAN

FORCE OUVRIERE

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION published, on Jan. 31st, a letter from Mr. Zilliacus which contained an isolated sentence from an interview I gave to the *New York Herald Tribune*. The net result is misleading and I feel it is necessary to reply.

Force Ouvrière has not made it a speciality to recruit clerks, drugstore employees and commercial travellers. Those who come to us are workers of all categories who care for freedom, peace and social justice.

The rupture of working-class unity in my country was not brought about by intellectuals and civil servants. On the contrary, manual workers—miners, railwaymen, metal workers, etc—are mainly responsible for the disintegration of the C.G.T., as a reaction against the demagogy and violence used to force them to take part in a political strike, which they had not decided of their own free will.

The French working-class has plenty of common sense, and in spite of the misery of its present condition, and the just claims which were associated with the political objectives of the strike, refused to become the instrument of a dislocation of the country's economy, only for the benefit of a foreign power. French workers know that three splits in 26 years were the outcome of Russian influence on our trade union movement. They do not admit that Mr. Zdhanov, whose country received 11 milliard dollars through lease-lend, should oblige France to do without American help for its recovery.

Members of *Force Ouvrière* come mainly from manual workers of the great working-class federations which have suffered most from the sectarianism of the "iron party" of MM. Stalin and Thorez; 70 per cent. of the miners of the Pas-de-Calais are with us and 60,000 metal workers of the Paris area have already joined our ranks. The same applies to railwaymen, postal workers, dockers, sailors, etc.

Those who come to us want to create a trade union movement which is not subservient to political parties (including the Socialist Party and the "Third Force"). But I must make it clear that they think that de Gaulle as well as Thorez mean dictatorship. We reject with equal vigour the corporatism of General de Gaulle and Cominform "monolithism." We object to individualist capitalism of the Ameri-

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PEREMPTORY CHALLENGE

SIR,—War enables the Executive to get rid of what may interfere with its freedom of action. When peace comes the Executive is loth to give back liberty. There is ominous significance in the words of the Explanatory Memorandum of the Criminal Justice Bill now before Parliament. Under the heading "Miscellaneous Matters," the Memorandum states: —

> *Clause* 28 *proposes to embody as part of the permanent law the provisions of regulations* 13 *and* 15*A of the Defence* (*Administration of Justice*) *Regulations,* 1940, *abolishing the right of peremptory challenge* (*i.e., challenge without cause*) *of jurors.*

Trial by jury is perhaps the greatest of our constitutional safeguards. Blackstone, writing in the eighteenth century, described it as "the most transcendent privilege which any subject can wish for." Grand Juries were abolished in 1933. And now a serious inroad upon the rights of the accused with regard to the jury by whom he is tried is proposed.

In cases of treason and felony the accused has at present the right of peremptory challenge, i.e., the right to object to any juror without showing cause. In felonies twenty peremptory challenges are allowed, in cases of treason thirty-five. Further challenges are allowed for cause shown.

Peremptory challenges are not common in England, though not so rare as some textbook writers suppose. The present writer has caused peremptory challenges to be made on several occasions. In the U.S.A., owing to racial and political differences, challenges are frequent, as they used to be in Ireland. It is probable that similar causes will increasingly operate here.

It is obvious that there may be sound reasons for objecting to a juror which a prisoner cannot safely make known. For instance, in one case in which I was concerned an ex-policeman who knew the prisoner's record was peremptorily challenged. Many a former Fascist who has disposed of his black shirt would object to be tried by a political opponent who knew his old party associations, but the accused would not care to disclose his objection. And many other examples will occur to anyone. It is not easy to prove bias, but if a prisoner suspects bias he will not be satisfied as to the fairness of his trial.

The right of the Crown (i.e., the prosecution) to peremptory challenge was abolished in 1305. The Crown, however, has the right to require any juror or jurors to "stand by," which means that they will not be called upon to serve unless a full jury cannot be made up without them. This right is occasionally exercised—for instance, at the trial of Casement. It is significant that this right of "stand by" is not to be abolished by the Criminal Justice Bill.

It is a pity that our legislators seem to have no sense of history. Grand Juries have been abolished, and we may live to regret it. The peremptory challenge by the accused has existed for centuries. It has in the past been a useful safeguard against "jury packing," as well as to get rid of a biased juror. The conditions which made it necessary for the protection of the accused are likely to recur. The right of peremptory challenge is at present rarely exercised. Why does the Executive wish to abolish it? The Habeas Corpus Act is often inconvenient to the prosecution. Will it be the next safeguard of the individual to be threatened? SOLICITOR

BRITISH POLICY IN EAST AFRICA

SIR,—Another decisive step towards the domination of British East Africa by a few thousand white settlers was taken in January when the new East African High Commission was inaugurated in Nairobi. The object of the new federation is ostensibly to enable Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika to co-ordinate certain services, mainly technical, which they have in common. The new Central Assembly consists of 23 members of whom a majority are unofficial and elected. In the original scheme, published by the Colonial Office in December, 1945, it was emphasized that "equality in numbers is the only practicable basis for unofficial representation of the three main races," namely, Europeans, Indians, and Africans. This principle, however, was strenuously opposed by the white settlers of Kenya who refuse to accept equal representation with Indians, let alone Africans, although they are much the smallest of the three communities.

Under their pressure the scheme was amended and in February, 1947, a revised plan was published. This plan obscures the racial character of the representatives from each of the three dependencies concerned by leaving it to the Legislative Councils to elect their own representatives regardless of race.

As Europeans predominate in these Councils, experience shows that they are sure to elect a majority of Europeans. The revised scheme was opposed by the spokesmen of the Indian and the African communities. But it has been adopted. Speaking in the House of Commons on July 29th, 1947, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Creech Jones, said apologetically that "we have not abandoned the principle" of equal racial representation, but that territorial needs rather than racial claims have been recognized in the revised scheme.

The validity of the scheme will presumably be challenged in the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations where Australia's merging of New Guinea and Papua in one administration has already been queried. Tanganyika is a trust territory. It is true that the trusteeship agreement allows Britain to include the territory in "an administrative federation," but it is explicitly provided that such a measure must not be inconsistent with the basic objectives of the trusteeship system, which are self-government or independence. It is obvious that if in future Tanganyika is to be inseparably joined to Kenya, its prospects are seriously prejudiced of achieving a form of self-government in which Africans will have equal rights with the small minority of Europeans.

The explanation of the retreat of the Colonial Office is no doubt to be found in the construction of a military base in Kenya. It has become important not to antagonise a couple of thousand white settlers there. The Colonial Office assumes that the loyalty of three million Africans in Kenya and of ten millions more in Tanganyika and Uganda can be counted on although their interests have been so obviously sacrificed. It is, however, possible that this assumption is mistaken.

JOHN GILD

REDISTRIBUTION

SIR,—Population statistics just issued show that Birmingham has become Britain's second city, having now a lead of 2,000 over Glasgow. Yet Glasgow is to retain its fifteen Parliamentary Divisions, whilst Birmingham's existing thirteen are to be reduced to twelve.

In this controversy no one seems to have drawn attention to the over-representation of Scotland (and of Wales, too), which it is intended to continue. There are historical reasons for it, but I suggest they have exhausted their validity. J. WOOD

35 Woodstock Road,
Birmingham, 13.

LORD STAMP

SIR,—At the invitation of his family, I am writing a biography of the first Lord Stamp. I shall be grateful if those who possess letters or other relevant material and are willing to assist me will write to me at The Croft, Copsen Lane, Oxshott, Surrey.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

SHAKESPEARE'S Plutarch told him that Caius Marcius was "churlishe, uncivill, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation." And this perhaps indicates the common reader's feeling about the last of Shakespeare's tragedies which Dr. Johnson found "the most amusing of our author's performances," and Lytton Strachey "intolerable, because it is impossible to forget how much better it might have been." *Corialanus* is not a favourite except on the other side of the Channel, where rhetoric is better declaimed and politics are more intelligently enjoyed, and A. C. Bradley in a lecture to the British Academy in 1912 suggested several reasons for its unpopularity; notably, a lack of *imaginative* effect or atmosphere in the play as a whole and a want of poetry and passion in the protagonist. "He feels," says Bradley, "all the rapture, but not, like Othello, all the poetry of war. He covets honour no less than Hotspur, but he has not Hotspur's vision of honour. He meets with ingratitude, like Timon, but it does not transfigure all mankind to him. He is very eloquent, but his only free eloquence is that of vituperation and scorn." Bradley, as usual, is difficult to refute. Caius Marcius is not a sympathetic hero. Strachey denies that he is even a human being; merely "the statue of a demi-god cast in bronze, which roars its perfect periods . . . through a melodious megaphone." Yet on a reading of Plutarch the dramatist should have found fruitful matter. "This Marcius naturall wit and great harte dyd marvellously sturre up his corage, to doe and attempt notable actes. But on the other side for lack of education, he was so cholericke and impacient, that he wold yeld to no living creature. . . . Yet men marveling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure, nor money, and howe he would endure easily all manner of paynes and travailles: thereupon they well liked and commended his stowtness and temperancie. But for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one cittizen useth to be with another in the cittie." Is not this a promising conception? Has not Hardy put it to good purpose in the Mayor of Casterbridge, the Tragedy of a Man of Character? Marcius's tragic frailty is pride, "a hawty stomake." The austerity of his nature and the obstinacy of his mind, joined with ambition, are the cause of all his misfortune and ill hap. Shakespeare had turned such frailties to good account by 1610. *Lear* is a tragedy of Pride and (Mrs. Campbell tells us) of Wrath. Ambition, the soldier's virtue, had been explored in Hotspur and Henry V and Hector and the Moor. Besides the situation is highly effective. Shakespeare, as so often before, shows his hero both in the fierce light of public office and in his domestic relations. His mother has made him what he is. "When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb . . . I was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him. . . . I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy in first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man"; when the soldier's wife, "the gracious silence" asks: "Had he died in the business, madam, how then?", she answers: "Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue." And in the event, such is the irony of tragedy, it is the mother who brings about his death; "the poor hen who cluck'd him to the wars and safely home":

> O mother, mother,
> What have you done? . . . my mother, mother, O!
> You have won a happy victory to Rome;
> But for your son, believe it, O believe it,
> Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
> If not most mortal to him.

Are there not the makings of high tragedy here? What then is the matter with the play? There is no lack of incident, excitement, and surprise, of the comic spirit and the observation of men and manners; that is why Johnson found it "amusing" in the old sense, although rightly noting that there is perhaps too much bustle in the first act and too little in the last. Menenius gives the character actor opportunity beyond the range of Shallow, Nestor and Polonius; even unnamed citizens are rewarding enough in the playing. Shakespeare, the rustic Tory, does far more justice to the many-headed multitude as the landowner of New Place than he did ten years earlier in *Julius Caesar*. They can appreciate Menenius and drop a hint to the ungentle Coriolanus that *noblesse oblige*. The tribunes are the villains of the piece. And then, for "comic relief" at the height of tragic climax, little Marcius's "'a shall not tread on me: I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight," is a more felicitous stroke than the drunken porter or the Clown with a basket of figs. The versification and diction display all the virtuosity of the final period: complicated argument, audacious hyperbole, the pregnant image and the concentrated phrase, above all the speaking voice. No, all the ingredients of the pudding are here; why does it disappoint upon the palate? I suggest that we have the same feeling about all the Roman plays. Shakespeare ended his tragic period with a couple of them as he had begun it, for *Troilus and Cressida* is more Roman than Greek. Now even *Antony and Cleopatra*, the greatest of the four, has always been found by reader and spectator alike wanting in the true tragic intensity, although praised without stint for every element except the most essential. These Roman plays are objective, realistic, critical, rhetorical, political—Roman in fact. *Antony and Cleopatra* gains by the impact of the glamour and indolent sensuousness of the East; *Troilus and Cressida* by the juxtaposition of mediaeval chivalry symbolised in Troy. But taking the persons of the four plays do we not find that there are none to praise and very few to love? Brutus the traitor, Antony the *roué*, Ulysses the dog-fox, the Egyptian gypsy, Octavius the prig, the bald tribunes, the sweaty, garlic-breathing, apron-men. *Julius Caesar*, it is true, is a popular play, but perhaps we have a misleading idea of it owing to its frequent performance by schoolboys, for whom indeed it is admirably suited. Is not Antony an Etonian, Brutus a Wykehamist, Cassius Grammar School, and Caesar any headmaster whose presence inspires awe and whose foibles and pomposities are food for profane jest and telling caricature? Shakespeare found in North's Plutarch the most vivid and vigorous of all his originals. His dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in and we feel that in these tragedies he is superbly Roman. But "two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek," and although Shakespeare never ceases to be Elizabethan and his Romans are men (which is more than we can say of Ben Jonson's), I believe that we miss the true tragic experience, the exultation and release, the pity and terror, just because the classical conception—the form, the ethic, the idea, the style, call it what we will—does not fuse and unite imaginatively with the English, the romantic, the Elizabethan, the Shakespearean spirit. Our image of Shakespeare, "felt in the blood and felt along the heart," is of the singer and sonneteer, the creator of Richard II and Berowne, of Prospero and Lear; not Roman but incurably romantic, the Shakespeare of John Keats. Shakespeare's truly classical tragedy is *Othello, the Moor of Venice*, which, as Strachey showed, has affinities with the *Oedipus Tyrannus*. And then again, Plutarch touches off his persons with such firm strokes, such sharpness of line and significance of intimate detail that the dramatist may have felt his creative impulses checked or over-directed. Shakespeare fumbles over Brutus, and, some would hold, over Antony. Coriolanus suggested to him a study of a fierce pride bound up with a painful modesty—false pride and true, simplicity and *mauvaise honte*—as Bradley says, Caius Marcius is "a huge boy"—a type familiar to-day in its combination of arrogance and inferiority complex. But again the hard conditions of drama prevent him from quite bringing it off.

Such speculations as the above belong to the study. The late Harley Granville-Barker was the first to lock the study door and lead his reader to the stalls, the gallery, the greenroom and the stage. His method in the Fifth Series of the famous Prefaces,* a posthumous volume which comes as a most happy surprise to his disciples, is the same as before. He takes his company of players by the hand—a company which combines the merits and qualities of both the best professional and amateur without the defects of either—and walks them through the play, setting each scene, enforcing the continuity, illuminating obscurities, heightening climaxes, revealing histrionic opportunities, marking the cadence and the pause, the dynamic phrase, the variation of tempo, and never for a moment forgetting that the whole is the sum total of the parts. We cease to read; we are at rehearsal and under the spell of the next best to Shakespeare himself. For this play Granville-Barker has used as his conductor's baton the notable stage-directions which some have thought are the dramatist's instructions from his elbow-chair at Stratford to the King's Men at the Globe. *Enter two officers to lay cushions, Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled, Holds her by the hand silent, Auffidius stands on him*—from such hints as these our expert and eloquent interpreter recovers the dramatic rhythm upon the pulses of the play: he gives us eyes to see and ears to hear. As so often in these Prefaces, the section on the verse is at once the most original and the most illuminating. He finds in it a rhythm and resonance which are more significant than melody, an attuning of the verse to the expression of *individual* character, a close interdependence of dialogue and action, orchestrated passages for the harmony and discord of several voices, words "crushed into the lines like fuel to stoke a furnace," the strains and stresses of a versification which never sags though it seldom soars.

On the tragic form as a whole he is somewhat less definite than is his wont. He sees the tragedy rightly as falling into three movements and he warns us as usual to distrust or ignore the printed Act and Scene divisions. In fact, the first movement fills the first Act and the second runs to the end of Act IV Scene 2. The following scene, which Granville-Barker calls a bridge scene, as of course it is, serves better as prologue to the last movement than as epilogue to the second. But for a producer the point of the last scene in the first Act is that it is devoted to Aufidius and gives the actor of that most important but rather scamped part his big chance. The curtain must fall with the Volscian general in the forefront of our minds. The second movement closes with Volumnia, sublime in her anger and lamentation, as she faces and accuses the tribunes of the people. And it is Volumnia and Aufidius, the mother and the rival, together, who in the final movement are to bring about the tragic catastrophe and the death of the hero.

It is hard for a teacher of English literature with his pupils' needs at heart to forgive the publishers for the outrageous price of this volume. It is, of course, a posthumous book—or can we still hope for a *Macbeth* Preface promised long ago? And, equally of course, those who possess the previous four Series will be eager to complete their set. But it is a very short book. If we exclude the quotations from the play, the original matter would seem not greatly to exceed that of the *Cymbeline* Preface, which is but one of four in the Second Series. Five or six shillings would be a fair pre-war price. Surely fifteen is more than inflationary? However, the quality is pre-war, and those who had the luck and the delight of hearing Granville-Barker inspiring a lecture class or in fervent eloquent provocative talk, sometimes like Caius Marcius, "a huge boy," will recall as they read the flash of his wonderful eyes and the sound of a voice that is still.

GEORGE RYLANDS

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* *Prefaces to Shakespeare*: Fifth Series. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. *Sidgwick and Jackson*. 15s.

TELEPATHY

Telepathy and Medical Psychology. By Jan Ehrenwald. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Telepathy, defined by Dr. Ehrenwald as "awareness by a person of another person's mental state without the aid of the usual channels of sensation" may now be taken as established. How it occurs we do not know.

> "We know," says Dr. Ehrenwald, "of no anatomical substratum to account for its origin, and still less are we able to explain its apparent action at distance in flagrant contradiction to the familiar radiation '(*sic*)' laws."

What we can do is to give some account of its "psychological conditioning factors" and "tabulate the laws which it obeys." This is the purpose of Dr. Ehrenwald's book. He seeks more particularly to correlate the facts relating to telepathy and those investigated by medical psychology, workers in these two spheres having hitherto paid so little attention to one another that, as Dr. Gardner Murphy points out in his Introduction, "telepathy and related phenomena stand in the experimental records like foreign bodies, which the medical as well as psychological public can neither assimilate nor, indeed, recognise." (Laziness bolstered up by vested interests is, no doubt, as usual the reason; the furniture of the psycho-analytic interior would require to be considerably rearranged if telepathy were to be admitted, the process involving the jettisoning of a number of well-established antiques.)

Dr. Ehrenwald's inquiry is carefully delimited in scope; he abjures speculation, refrains from entering the sphere of philosophy and resists the temptation to consider other branches of paranormal psychology, such as clairvoyance. In spite of these restrictions and of a more than ordinarily horrible jargon—phrases like "such characterological border-line cases as pronounced psychics," "belief in telepathy is . . . a manifestation of man's narcissistic libido organisation" occur on every page— Dr. Ehrenwald has produced a work of great interest. It explores unmapped territory and its claim to establish relations between phenomena hitherto separately studied is, I think, justified.

It may be useful to tabulate his main conclusions. First, telepathy apparently operates through "the unconscious." Its stuff is the stuff of dreams, associative and symbolic; what I know of your mind is refracted by the unconscious strata both of your mind and of mine before it enters my consciousness. Further, my telepathic experiences, that is to say, the elements which enter my consciousness from an original source in somebody else's are subject to precisely the same interferences, meet the same resistances and suffer the same distortions and sublimations as those elements which originate in my own unconscious. Other people's experiences are also communicated to me telepathically in disregard of the time order; that is to say, telepathic material, like dream material, is subject to "time scatter," a conclusion which describes but does not, of course, explain the fact that I may be telepathically aware not only of events that happened in your mind long ago, but of events which have yet to happen.

There are no known physiological correlates of telepathic experiences, that is to say, they are not associated with any specifiable events in the brain and nervous system. In this respect, however, it cannot be said that telepathic experiences are different from normal ones. As Dr. Ehrenwald very properly points out, we haven't the faintest idea how the transition from event in the brain to experience in consciousness is effected. Hence, the fact that there is "an unbridgeable gulf" in our knowledge of the mode by which what is going on in one mind is communicated to another, is not so odd as it at first sight appears. There is an equally unbridgeable gap in our knowledge of the mode by which what is going on in the body and brain is communicated to the mind that animates them. We forget the mystery of the latter only because it is common; we are astonished by the oddness of the former only because it is rare.

Dr. Ehrenwald points out that "heteropsychic" experiences which entail the accessibility of a mind to experiences originating in another mind are a source of danger, since if the mind is continually exposed to the intrusion of elements from outside, it is liable to be flooded, its personality disintegrated and its individuality submerged. Hence, Bergson's ingenious theory that consciousness is a mechanism or sieve for shutting out the mass of psychic stimuli to which the unconscious is continuously exposed, just as it is a mechanism for suppressing the mass of remembered material which the unconscious continuously stores. On the other hand, the accessibility of one mind to another has obvious therapeutic possibilities and Dr. Ehrenwald gives interesting examples of psychological "cures" that have been effected by these means.

Dr. Ehrenwald discusses finally whether telepathy is a survival from man's past or a harbinger of his future development, and says that the evidence on the whole supports the former view. I cannot agree with him. The peculiar reactions to life that we call telepathic have, he points out, little biological value; a deer may telepathetically or clairvoyantly be aware of the existence of a predatory tiger, but would be unable to determine whether the tiger was here or a hundred miles away, whether now or a month ago or ahead. Of what use would such an intimation be to the deer? Quite so! But why, then, suppose that the telepathic faculty is a vestigial survival of what was once a relatively common psychological mode of functioning? Admittedly animals and savages possess modes of perception which are lacking in us, but the evidence seems to show that these are only hyper-sensitive versions of faculties which we also possess and not faculties, such as telepathy and clairvoyance, which we have lost. For example, the savage is sensitive to indications of twig and grass to which we are blind; the homecoming pigeon knows features of the landscape that escape us.

Hence, I should be inclined to regard telepathy as an intimation of a faculty which will ultimately become a general possession of the human race. Shaw maintains that the power of living longer is the acquisition of which the human race stands most urgently in need, if mankind is to advance. With a possible reservation in favour of earflaps, I should opt for a direct knowledge of what is going on in other people's minds. A large number of time-honoured professions ranging from diplomacy to salesmanship would go out of commission, while much polite social intercourse as we know it would become impossible; both developments I should regard as clear evidence of advance. C. E. M. Joad

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Matthew Arnold. A Study. By E. K. Chambers. *Clarendon Press.* 8s. 6d.

Matthew Arnold reached at an early age, through the not uncommon medium of an unhappy love affair, the impasse where the only solution is the mystic's. The rift between himself and Marguerite continued itself downwards to the foundations of the universe, and became Pascal's abyss. His intellect, interpreting the message of his thwarted heart, saw the evil that good, everywhere present, is everywhere cut off from unity and action with its counterparts—"we mortal millions live *alone*." A sentimentalist would never have perceived the enigma, a mystic would have escaped from time to eternity. Arnold, being a stoic, could only endure, and watched for twenty years "sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair" gradually kill his poetry. For the final twenty years of his life, after 1869, he retreated to prose. Browning and Tennyson, his superiors for innate gifts, in spiritual heroism his inferiors, clapped their blind eyes to the wrong end of a telescope, and wrote on, while no other Victorian reached this Dark Tower, the adventure being the prerogative of a major poet. No doubt the recurrent "Ah's" for which Arnold has often been derided, are cries from the heart rather than aids to scansion—like Hopkins, he "yields you, with some sighs, our explanation."

The crucial problem for Arnold's biographer is this early love for Marguerite. His subsequent poetic life was engaged, as I have said, with his attempt to deal with the coalsack in the moral universe of which his youthful tragedy made him aware. The silliest theory is Sturge Moore's, who announced, in a paper to the astonished English Association, that the Marguerite poems were inspired by Clough, because he, too, had blue eyes, and was addressed by Arnold in letters as "Dearest Clough." Other critics have thought Marguerite a fiction, rather as Wordsworth's preoccupation with the forsaken mother and solitary father seemed accidental, until Professor Legouis discovered the existence of Annette Vallon and her daughter Caroline. Sir Edmund Chambers has made a wiser contribution. He has stressed for the first time Arnold's love "on the rebound" for his future wife, Lucy Wightman, to which he attributes many poems formerly asigned, even by Sir Edmund himself, to Marguerite. This division of Arnold's passional life into profane and sacred would reward further investigation. But Sir Edmund has little use for Keats' axiom, "A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory." Of no poet is this more true than of Arnold, and without its allegory his life is nothing, a mere chronicle of holidays abroad, childbirths and dinners with titled persons.

The scholarly method of which Sir Edmund is a master, and which placed his studies of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan theatre among the glories of academic criticism, is misplaced with Arnold. Sir Edmund shares with his victim at least the qualities of intellect and nobility, but these cold, incurious pages have little to do with the frustrated romantic, who influenced Housman as a poet, Eliot as a critic, and whose philosophy comforted Palinurus in his unquiet grave. Instead, we have the Oxford Professor of Poetry embalmed by a brother don, and the effect is as unsatisfying as would be a study of Mr. Eliot by a fellow banker. This work, at most, is less unworthy to hold the field than either of its predecessors, a late Victorian hackwork and Hugh Kingsmill's lampoon. If Sir Edmund has failed to bring out the significance of the poems, he has thrown pinpoints of light on many problems of their composition. He shows little awareness of the importance of Arnold's criticism, his campaign again philistine and barbarian and his still topical excursions into theology and sociology, but his meticulous *précis* of their contents may recruit readers for these half-forgotten masterworks. This is a task in which Mr. Trilling's long-awaited study of Arnold's prose is likely to prove more efficacious. Will Mr. Trilling go on to write the final biography of Arnold? Probably no one else has the imaginative equipment and special sympathies requisite for this work, but whoever writes it, scholarship must be not his Muse but his handmaiden. Until then, this don-ification of our only mid-nineteenth century romantic of a status equivalent to Vigny or Baudelaire will be an annoyance to Arnold's admirers and a menace to foreigners and the young.

I add a misprint for connoisseurs. In the immortal apostrophe to Oxford, Arnold is made to exclaim, "Apparitions of a dog, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines? . . ." The emendation of this felicitous *coquille* may be left to the busy readers of the Clarendon Press.

George D. Painter

TIGER BAY

Negroes in Britain. By K. L. Little. *Kegan Paul.* 25s.

What famous literary figure shocked an Oxford party by proposing the toast: "Here's to the next insurrection of the Negroes in the West Indies"? You are not likely to know unless you have read Coupland on "The Abolition of the Slave Trade," though you might guess if you remember Boswell's complaint of "zeal without discretion."

It was Dr. Johnson. The quotation, which I have wrenched from its context among the 18th-century negrophiles, is one of Dr. Little's historical tit-bits. *Negroes in Britain* is a fascinating book. It may not tell you much about Soho night clubs where the literary intelligentsia go to do their field-work; nevertheless it contains a really remarkable variety of information.

One of the difficulties of a detailed survey is the scarcity of a coloured community in Britain large enough and settled enough to be sociologically measurable. In London there are the students and the Soho negroes, a floating population of not more than a few hundred. The students live mostly in hostels, study law or medicine, make a little pan-African politics, relax at jitterbug sessions where they behave most gallantly to their white partners. The Soho negroes are bandsmen, boxers, actors, nightbirds of all sorts. The less successful haunt certain street-corners and poke-hole cafés where, if you listen quietly, you may hear a snatch of vital dialogue in symbolic jargon that would delight the psycho-analysts. In this untypical Bohemian belt colour prejudice has been lifting, but, as Dr. Little shows, any recent improvement is superficial compared to the mass of harsh fact. In Stepney, Liverpool and other ports there are shifting negro populations connected with the docks, but the only really sizeable coloured community—about 7,000—is in Cardiff's "Tiger Bay." Here, a mile from the centre of the town, in a slum bounded by canals and railway lines, is Loudon Square, four rows of large early Victorian houses enclosing a small park used as a children's playground, the centre of a hotch-potch of fifty races where eight out of ten persons are coloured.

This is the area which Dr. Little examines in the first half of his book. His scrutiny is so detailed and he eschews so rigorously anything in the nature of synthetic reporting that it may be a little difficult for anyone who does not know Cardiff to form a general impression. Thus, to the journalistically minded, it might seem not only a "moot" but also perhaps a rather academic point "whether Bute Street (notorious for its café brothels) should be included in the coloured area thus specified." In reality it is an important distinction, for there is a strong vein of propriety in Loudon Square. And when you read some of the samples of colourful prose which Dr. Little quotes in his footnotes, you realise the advantages of the objective approach from a literary point of view. Any touch of glamorisation here, whether negative or positive, is bound to be misleading. Dr. Little's facts and statistics, his citations of seamen's lodging-house regulations and the Cardiff Live Register of Coloured Seamen, his notes on the religious practices of the various little racial communities, the Moslems who bank with their Somali Sheik and have more self-confidence and solidarity than the coloured Christians, give the material for a real picture. The cumulative effect is inevitably depressing. The literary romantic tough might get a kick from a night out in Tiger Bay, but he would not care to live there. The inescapable fact is that most ports are slums; maritime social conditions are bad enough for white but a great deal worse for coloured seamen. The average rate of exploitation is just about doubled by colour prejudice, of whose insidiously paralysing effects Dr. Little gives numerous instances. One of the few hopeful features is that so many of the inter-racial sex relationships are satisfactory, and that so many of the white women declare that coloured men make excellent husbands and fathers. The Loudon Square community originated in the 90's; it is now in its second generation, and the increased number of coloured juveniles provides an additional problem. Not much progress has been made in assimilating them into the life of the town.

The last half of the book traces the history of the Negro in Britain from the 16th century and the development of racial attitudes. A notable stage was the early and mid-18th century when negroes in this country had much the same status as slaves; often pages and menservants were regarded as combinations of plaything, pet and chattel. There were, of course, enlightened masters who provided for the education of their servants. Johnson was one of them, though there is no evidence that Francis Barber profited much by his efforts; once, indeed, he ran away to sea. The outstanding success was the Duke of Montagu's versatile butler, Ignatio Sanchez, poet, actor and musician. From the middle of the 18th century to the Abolition there was a great deal of uncertainty about the legal status of all negroes in Britain, and particularly of "absconded blacks" from West Indian plantations. A turning point was the Somersett case in 1776 when a negro boy who had been shipped *from* England and forced to serve as a slave, sued for his liberty and wages and won his case. An unfortunate repercussion was the appearance in London of several hundred derelict negroes who had left their masters and were trying to live as free men. They were called the St. Giles Blackbirds. One attempted solution of their problem was the Sierra Leone experiment. Devised by philanthropists, such as Granville Sharp and Hanway, its execution was left to some positively Rowlandsonian types, and the 411 negroes who finally set sail to found Freetown were accompanied by 60 white prostitutes who had been decoyed on board.

Dr. Little's examination of the development of colour prejudice is equally thorough. His diagnosis follows the familiar Freudo-Marxian line; he plumps for the industrial revolution as the period from which real colour prejudice dates, but notes in passing the puzzle of the French colonial official who is socially far freer and easier with negroes than the British, but incomparably worse in his treatment of African labour. "Tolerant if somewhat prejudicial" is Dr. Little's final verdict after numerous surveys and questionnaires, on the ideas of the modern British public about coloured people. It covers a multitude of individual eccentricities. He might have cited the landlady who would never have a coloured lodger because she could never be certain he wouldn't blacken the sheets, but who yet insisted on always consulting a coloured doctor because "they know things we've no idea of; ever so clever they are with medicine; subtle like." The problem of a new deal for negroes remains unsolved. With the need for increased food imports from the Colonies, it is more urgent than ever.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

DOWNHILL

Chopin. By ARTHUR HEDLEY. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Handel. By PERCY M. YOUNG. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Bach. By EVA MARY and SIDNEY GREW. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Ravel. By NORMAN DEMUTH. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Maurice Ravel. By ROLAND-MANUEL. Translated by Cynthia Jolly. *Dobson.* 8s. 6d.

Albert Roussel. By NORMAN DEMUTH. *United Music Publishers.* 10s. 6d.

The Master Musicians series, in its revised form under the editorship of Mr. Eric Blom, enjoys wide popularity and a high reputation based on such admirable contributions as Miss Scott's *Beethoven*, Professor Westrup's *Purcell*, Mr. Hussey's *Verdi*, Mr. Lockspeiser's *Debussy* and the editor's *Mozart*. In one or two of the later volumes, small and easily corrigible flaws began to appear; thus, Mr. Hutchings's *Schubert* was marred by a tendency to facetious writing and a somewhat schoolmasterly and unsympathetic attitude towards his subject, while Mr.

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Suckling seemed unable to praise Fauré without slinging a lot of highly irrelevant mud at almost all the great German and Italian masters from Beethoven to Verdi, on the deplorable critical principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Lately, however, Mr. Blom's editorial grip has seemed to slacken: three of the four books listed above are not up to the old standard. Fortunately, Mr. Hedley's *Chopin* is fully adequate to its subject. Indeed, he breaks new ground for the English reader, having delved deeply into hitherto neglected Polish sources; he knows the Polish language, writes his own clearly and agreeably, and possesses enthusiasm, sound judgment and the temperament of a scholar. My only complaint is that he has left himself too small a proportion of space in which to discuss the music; only 46 pages out of 176.

Mr. and Mrs. Grew's *Bach* suffers from the same malady, but in a much aggravated form. I hardly expect to be believed when I assert that a popular book on Bach contains no treatment whatever (if we exclude passing references) of the *St. Matthew Passion, The Art of Fugue* or *The Well Tempered Clavichord*—not even an explanation of what this last title means. In their chapter on the Cantatas the authors show how deeply they love and understand Bach's art, and in a despairing preface they seek to excuse their neglect of other works under the plea that space was prohibitively short. Certainly the problem of covering Bach's enormous output in a small volume is formidable; but then why devote no fewer than 144 pages out of 191 to biographical matter? Among them, it is true, we find an illuminating account of the depressing artistic conditions under which Bach had to work at Leipzig; but far too much attention is paid to that interminable quarrelling which seems to have filled every moment of Bach's life when he was not composing or begetting. Of him, more truly than of any other great artist, it may be said that his real life was his inner life; though he was doubtless a much-tried and often an ill-used man, the record of his behaviour is seldom attractive; for example, he left no will and no provision for his wife, who consequently soon sank to the condition of a pauper. All the more reason, one would have thought, for dealing succinctly with the external facts of his career and concentrating on his spiritual life-work; but not content with the fairly plentiful facts, the Grews insist on indulging in a flood of pointless speculation. Thus we learn that his father's cousin "may have had occasion to think that the child might become an organist: he may have been led to the idea by something in the child's manner as he listened to his playing—his rapt, concentrated attention, his calculating, ruminating expression, with head already held slightly aslant, and his questions, curious, intent and searching." On page 23 we are even told what one of Bach's children *might* have said when there were herrings for dinner, which is perhaps a record for the "doubtless" school of biography.

Dr. Percy Young's *Handel* is much better planned, though it contains no systematic discussion of the operas. But he drops too often into that naive mixture of pedantry and facetiousness which makes so many English books about music read like a back number of *Punch*. Thus, he cannot quote Gluck's remark that "what the English like is something they can beat time to" without adding a reference to "the pulsatory school of appreciation"; and this is how he describes the conversation in an eighteenth-century coffee-house: "When the royal linen, that perennial source of indignant amusement, had been disposed of, conversation turned to ὁμέν and ὁδέ." There are good things scattered through the critical chapters, but it is extremely odd to say of Racine that "he emphasised matter at the expense of form."

Mr. Demuth's *Ravel* is the least successful of the series: the writing is awkward, peppered like a schoolboy's letter with comic exclamations and question marks, and full of jargon and slang which are particularly ill-suited to the extreme delicacy and refinement of the composer under discussion. The facts and opinions are sometimes as questionable as the style; thus, after drawing our attention to faults in both the piano concertos, one of which is said to "flag horribly" in the middle of its first movement, the author calmly adds: "But such charges may be levelled at many such works, and they are none the worse for them. Perfection everywhere and every time would be monotonous and unhuman." As a partial explanation of dislike for that fascinating score, *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges,* he remarks: "Somehow or other French children do not appeal to us in any way." The nadir of criticism! He assigns to 1913 or 1914 the meeting, after her first orchestral concert, between that wonderful singer Madeleine Grey and the composer, although an appendix correctly gives the date of her birth as 1899 and of her *début* as 1921. He even gets the date of Ravel's death wrong—by a single day only, it is true, but surely on such a point one may expect absolute accuracy. And he follows this up with an astounding remark: "It seemed incredible that he was with us no longer. The year 1937 was a dreadful one for French music—Fauré, Roussel and then Ravel." Roussel certainly died in 1937; but Mr. Demuth, who is a Professor of Composition at the Royal Academy of Music, knows as well as anybody else that Fauré died in 1924. So what does he mean? And, whatever he means, what can he expect the uninformed reader to deduce?

Fortunately, the gap is filled for the English reader by the appearance, in translation, of the brief but authoritative study of Ravel's life and work, first published in 1938, by his friend and pupil, M. Roland-Manuel. Albert Roussel is a composer of whose work we do not yet hear enough; Mr. Demuth's enthusiastic monograph is no improvement on his *Ravel* in style or good sense, but it contains a lot of useful information not otherwise easily available in England.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE PITTS

The House of Pitt. By SIR TRESHAM LEVER. *John Murray.* 21s.

It would be unkind to call *The House of Pitt* an essay in biography by the yard; but that is almost what it amounts to. The author in his foreword claims: "I have sought no more than to tell the tale of a strange, eccentric but brilliant family." If this had been a family as we normally understand the word, sharing a home, united by affection or hatred, involved in common interests, like the Brontës at Haworth Parsonage, for instance, it would have been a reasonable project with possibly a gratifying result. But the Pitt family, as comprehended by Sir Tresham Lever, spreadeagles over five generations of Pitts, related in every degree of cousinhood. Sir Tresham finds himself trying to write the life, not of a family, but of a family tree—and a family tree has no corporate life whatever.

Inevitably the book disintegrates into a succession of biographical sketches; because it is impossible to establish any link between so many diverse individuals bearing the name of Pitt, except that of mere genealogy. There are no outstanding hereditary characteristics to be assigned to them. Even the Pitt nose is a myth, judging by the twenty family portraits Sir Tresham has collected. The huge eagle-beak of Lord Chatham, dominating the House of Commons, probably started the legend. But it was a freak of nature. His father had a long, straight, undis-

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tinguished nose; his elder brother's was the same; and that of his son, the great William Pitt, was definitely tip-tilted. Sir Tresham claims that a streak of madness can be traced from generation to generation—"the curse of the Pitts" is his melodramatic name for it—but what is the evidence? Lord Chatham's sister Ann spent the last three years of her life in a home for the mentally afflicted; but she was sane for 70 years, and may have been suffering at the end from senile decay. Lord Chatham himself once had a long bout of manic-depressive insanity, aggravated by gout. This was the occasion for one of the most peculiar Governments in history; when England was ruled by a Prime Minister who had barricaded himself into a small room at the top of a house in Hampstead and was *incommunicado* to the outside world. After 18 months of this solitary confinement Chatham recovered enough sanity to offer his resignation—a suggestion that was greeted by his Cabinet colleagues with indignation. "I think I have a right to insist on your remaining in my service," wrote the King. Yet it was Chatham who was supposed to be mad! Apart from these two instances, Thomas Pitt, the first Lord Camelford, suffered from epileptic fits as a boy, but grew out of them; the second Lord Camelford indulged in a frantic career of violence until he was killed in a duel; and Lady Hester Stanhope was perhaps eccentric enough to deserve a medical certificate. But madness is a matter of comparison. A considerable degree of abnormality was tolerated in the eighteenth century; and their contemporaries were never aware that the Pitts lay under any special curse.

Sir Tresham has been very thorough in his search through the Pitt archives. Besides the documents in the Public Records Office, the British Museum and various public libraries, he has had access to the private collection of MSS. at Boconnoc, Chevening and Hagley, containing previously unpublished letters. It is to be regretted, therefore, that in his eagerness to appeal to the general public rather than the world of scholarship, the author has omitted to state in his footnotes where the original letters are to be found or even whether they have been printed before. The index, moreover, has been so scamped as to be unreliable for reference.

As might be expected, Sir Tresham has found little to add to our knowledge of William Pitt and Lord Chatham; it is the lesser-known members of the family on whom he throws more light. He tells the full history of the great diamond that Governor Pitt bought at Madras in 1702 for £20,000 and after 15 years of anxious ownership sold to the Regent of France for £125,000. He exposes the shocking behaviour of Thomas Pitt, the elder brother of Chatham, who insulted his wife, tyrannised over his daughters, abandoned his son, misappropriated any property he could lay hands on, yet had to flee abroad to dodge his creditors: his final iniquity was to marry again when at the point of death, and so deprive his heirs of £600 a year. Then there are the other Thomas Pitts, five of them, and five John Pitts and five George Pitts. However original in other matters, the family was tiresomely repetitive in its choice of Christian names. The most remarkable discovery made by Sir Tresham concerns Lady Hester Stanhope. At the great sale at Stowe in 1849 a local tradesman bought some sacks of old letters. By a devious route these letters have finally reached the British Museum, and among them is clear evidence of a love affair between Lady Hester and Michael Bruce, who was her travelling companion in the Levant during three and a half years. Bruce afterwards made her an allowance of £1,000 a year until he married.

It is somewhat surprising to hear the voice of the travelogue in such a compendious biographical work. I cannot resist quoting the author's farewell to his readers:

> My task is done. The story of the Pitts is told. And to the reader who likes a moral to adorn a tale, what says this book? That genius and eccentricity are not so far apart, that he who climbs up to the summits is not so far removed from him who goes down into the depth? Perhaps; but I am content to leave such questions to wiser heads than mine. I seek to point no moral to adorn my tale. The House of Pitt, made illustrious by its greatest sons, needs no such decking. Four-square it stands to all the winds that blow. And to its sons and daughters—queer compounds of human frailties—we must bid a last farewell. Sinking to sleep once more amid the eternal shades, they are at peace—and all their world is still.

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PROCRUSTES IN AFRICA

Crisis in Kenya. BY S. and K. AARONOVITCH. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 10s. 6d.

Here is a book compiled with laborious care, stacked with tables of statistics, packed with quotations from documents and the works of Lenin. Its object is to give an account of the condition of Kenya with proposals for reform. It represents a large amount of work; but it fails to illuminate the Kenya controversy. For the whole thing is falsified by forcing history to fit the Procrustean bed of Communist doctrine. The authors do quote, in footnotes, the sources of their facts and figures, almost all of them drawn from official documents or from the writings of colonial experts. But they never mention that criticisms of British rule in Kenya, and attempts to reform it, come from these sources. For that would upset the Marxist-Leninist thesis that the British Government, the officials, the settlers, and all other white men are engaged in unanimous and unremitting oppression of the Africans. Whereas the truth is that the story of Kenya is of a conflict between the believers in the modern ideas of colonial rule and the settlers, in which so far the settlers have won. All the reforms suggested by the Aaronovitches, such as the restoration of land in the Highlands to the Africans, the mass education of the people, the spread of democracy, industrialisation, better housing, better agricultural methods, have been advocated for a generation by experts whom the writers never mention; preferring to make these proposals as though they issued from their own pure souls. Their only new ideas are that Kenya should imitate the "new democracy" of Yugoslavia, and the system of government of the Russian Eastern republics. This is madly off the point for Africa, if it is to be combined with the respect for native custom so strongly urged by these writers. Social democracy is no new thing in Yugoslavia, but is the result of Turkish rule, which killed off the aristocracy of the Middle Ages, and reduced all the peoples under it to the same low level; when the Turks left, the various Balkan peoples were egalitarians. And Russian rule in the Eastern lands is no exemplar of the preservation of native customs and independence. Do the British Communists really think that we should

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wipe out all those in the colonies who do not accept European habits, and then forcibly modernise the survivors? In fact, sober though this work appears, it is fundamentally silly: as silly as it is misleading. FREDA WHITE

Paintings of Graham Bell, with an introduction by SIR KENNETH CLARK. *Lund Humphries.* 6s.

This slim volume has been published as a memorial to Graham Bell, the artist who was killed while serving with the R.A.F. in 1943 and who often contributed to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Sir Kenneth Clark's admirable foreword will recall Bell's vivid personality to all who knew him. The twenty plates give a fair idea of his pictures, though the printed list of them is incomplete. Graham Bell was probably the leading spirit of the Euston Road group. He was outstanding for his brilliant, enquiring mind, for the passion with which he would follow different aesthetic theories, and for the gay abandon with which he would discard them when some new discovery undermined his belief. He was absorbed in all artistic questions—such as the artist's position in society. Readers may remember, as an example of his distrust of modern customs, how deeply he deplored that a Cézanne exhibition should be fashionably organised in aid of a hospital. A curious mixture of strength and diffidence showed in his paintings. When the war came he had not yet left behind the phases of admiration he experienced in turn for Duncan Grant, Cézanne, Courbet, Bonnard, Renoir. He was still digesting these influences, but at every stage in his development he produced modest pictures of great taste. In a few more years he would certainly have found the personal style through which his own sensibility could be expressed. Graham Bell, who is one of the great losses the war brought to art in England, will survive more as a living memory than as a painter. This booklet can be strongly recommended for its contents, but the paper cover is most inappropriate.

Week-end Competitions

No. 940

Set by Denis O'Neill

In Trollope's "Is He Popenjoy?" the Dean of Brotherton makes the following remark about the Albert Memorial:

> "I think it's the prettiest thing in London . . . one of the prettiest things in the world."

The usual prizes are offered for sets of three instances drawn from writers of the Victorian age (which, for this purpose, is taken as roughly 1840-1900) in which the educated taste of the 19th century differs from that of its successor. Entries by March 2nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 937

Set by Sebastian

Complaints are appearing in the press concerning the neglected condition of the graves of Charlotte Yonge and Charles Kingsley. The usual prizes are offered for an additional four verses of Gray's *Elegy* on this subject.

Report by Sebastian

Having lived to hear Gray's *Elegy* described as trite in its moralisings and monotonous in style, I unlearned the poem and read it afresh before judging the huge and "hypnotising" entry for this competition. One finds, of course, a poem of immense range of voice, gesture and feeling, of alarming imagery, dramatic epigram and brilliant compression. The sense of antithesis was the chief lack in the entries. There were capable verses by D. H., P., Cassandra Rollin, T. E. Casson, T. D. MacEwan, H. A. C. Evans, R. D. C., Pibwob, J. C. B. Date, Arthur Osborne, G. G. Blundell, and others; I award two guineas each to L. E. J. and S. W. Hyde; a guinea goes to Alan Thomas for his irreverence and his last line, and another guinea to Chauve-Souris.

Mark the lone Sepulchre, how sore beset
By all the thronging Cohorts of the Field,
Of one who paid Society his Debt,
Then sought in Nature what his God concealed.

Think not the subtle Saint who bade him fly*
Could blot the fair Escutcheon of the dead;
Tho' blund'ring Innocence dare no reply,
Blythe Water-babies play around his Head.

Nor this dishevelled Mound unheedful pass,
But let ('tis all she would have asked) again
Chaplets of Pearls in Dewdrops ring the grass,
With Daisies lightly linked into a Chain.

For she who sleeps in yon forgotten Grave
Subdued high Clio to her simpler Art,
Bade Lynwood's Pennons in a Nurs'ry wave,
And won for Chivalry each infant Heart.

L. E. J.

So, here the gentle boast of filial pride
Exalts the humblest sires diminished head;
Here, with the clay, the carnal vices died,
Hence each aspiring soul the virtues sped.

Beneath these lettered stones no miser sleeps,
No grasping parent, and no spendthrift son;
No martyred wife to Heaven for justice weeps,
No village Magdalen, her sad course run.

Stay—where the owl laments the midnight through,
Beneath this sombre yew's sequestered shade,
Two graves untended Man's indifference shew,
Two souls forgotten side by side are laid.

Their children were but figments of the mind;
If Fame they sought, then Fame has passed them by;
Depraved or noble, wretched or resigned,
They learned life's final lesson—how to die!

S. W. HYDE

Here where Macmillan's authors came to die,
With mosses covered, and with ivy strung.
Behold, stray traveller, with a moistened eye
The graves of Kingsley and of Charlotte Yonge.

Two earnest Christians, active in their way,
Kingsley exhorted, Charlotte always charmed;
No sad disciples tend their graves to-day
When only Russian atheists are embalmed.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble voice,
Their simple faith can never be destroyed,
She is not forced to struggle through James Joyce,
His motives are not undermined by Freud.

Nor you, Progressive author, pause to sneer,
If memory to their tomb brings no respect,
Though praise from intellectuals be so dear,
Didactic writing leads but to neglect.

ALAN THOMAS

Here where unfeeling Childhood loves to play,
And break the stillness with discordant cries,
Her weed-choked grave abandoned to Decay,
The pious Charlotte unremembered lies.

Perchance some child grown weary of his game,
By this old stone his wayward feet have trod,
Will pause to scan the unfamiliar name
Of one who sought to bring men's souls to God.

Behind yon tavern where with merry jests
Full many a foaming cup is blithely drained,
What marble marks the place where Kingsley rests,
His dirge loud song and laughter unrestrained?

Haply some swain to meditation prone,
By this neglected grave returning late,
Will linger near the mossy, crumbling stone
To muse on Men of Letters and their fate.

CHAUVE-SOURIS

* N.B. In the first edition of the *Apologia*, Newman wrote "fly away, Mr. Kingsley."

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. The Delegacy for Social Training proposes shortly to appoint a Senior Tutor (Woman), the appointment to begin as soon as possible. The stipend will be £600-£700, according to age and exp., and will be subject to conditions of Federated Superann. System for Universities. Children's allowances are payable under system in force in the University. Applics. for this post (six copies), with names of three refs. and a short account of the applicant's qualifics., exp., and academic career, should be sent before March 15, to Registrar, University Registry, from whom further partics. obtainable. Testims. not reqd. Choice of electors will not be limited to those who apply.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for a Lectureship in Statistics in the Department of Economics and Commerce. Salary according to qualifications and exp., within scale £500-£750, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Duties to commence Oct. 1. Further partics. fr. Registrar.

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AGENT who will also act as Secretary reqd. for Divisional Labour Party. Man or woman, salary £400 by £25 to £475 p.a., national conditions. Apply not later than one month after appearance of this advert. to J. Jones, President, Westminster Labour Party, Abbey Division, 62 Norfolk House, Regency St. S.W.1.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

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WELSH Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. Wanted, Training Organiser (male or female) for Youth Leaders and Senior Members. Graduate with training and exp. of club work desirable. Sal. £400-£450 according to exp. Travelling expenses allowed. Applics. with 6 copies of 2 recent testimonials and refs. by March 31, to Chairman of Training Committee, 55 Charles St. Cardiff.

BEDFORD Froebel Training College. Applics. invited for post of Handwork Lecturer which will be vacant in Sept., 1948. Candidates should be able to offer following crafts: simple carpentry, bookmaking, needlework, weaving and pottery. Emphasis is laid upon activities for children of Nursery, Infant, and Junior age range. Training College exp. would be a recommendation. Post is non-resident, sal. according to Pelham Scale. Applics. Principal, 14 The Crescent, Bedford.

PLYMOUTH. Applics. invited for post of Man Sub-Warden of Settlement. Responsible for Men's and Boys' Club work. Salary £200 resident. Apply Warden, Virginia House, Palace St. Plymouth.

PART-Time Assistant Leader (Man) for Mixed Youth Club, to take responsibility for boys four evenings and Saturday a.m. Appointment from April 1. Apply Warden, Women's Univ. Settlement 44 Nelson Sq. S.E.1

FRIENDS Service Unit has opening in Shanghai for Finance Officer with grasp of currency problems. Two years' pacifist service on voluntary basis. Apply, Gen. Sec., Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd. N.W.1.

WILTSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Hawthorn (Corsham)—School for the Children of European Volunteer Workers. Applics. invited for posts of Headmaster or Headmistress and assistant staff (men or women) for this school, which is to be opened shortly. The school will eventually provide for about 200 children coming from many European countries. Teaching will be in English but some knowl. of German will be essential in case of the Head and desirable in the case of Assistant Teachers. Applicants should be qualified teachers but Committee will be prepared, in case of assistant staff, to consider applics. from persons with similar exp. or qualifics. in other European countries. Hostel accom. available for single men and women and it may be possible to obtain a house on adjoining estate for the Headmaster/Headmistress. School will be run on normal day school lines but will offer considerable scope for those interested in the many problems which will arise in a community of this sort. Sal. will be paid on Burnham Primary and Secondary School Sal. Scale. Further partics. and forms of applic. from Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge.

HEADMASTER. Applics. invited for post of Headmaster of the Co-educational Junior School (ages 8 to 11) of Royal Wanstead School. Training for and exp. with this age range desirable. Full partics. may be obtained on applic. to: Norman Turvey, Royal Wanstead School, Wanstead, E.11.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

LADY Housekeeper reqd. immediately or April. Good organiser, energetic and capable. Interesting and absorbing post. Household 155. Eleven daily workers. Write fully. Also, Resident Mistress required April to teach Art and Needlework and Handwork to S.C. standard. Write fully. Res. mistress reqd. April to teach Pianoforte. Must be good accompanist. Burnham Scale. Write fully Headmistress, Hollington Park School, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

HULTON Press req. Sales Manager. Appointment carries with it the responsibility for the home and overseas marketing, promotion and distribution of all Hulton periodicals which include Picture Post, Leader Magazine, Lilliput, Housewife, Farmers Weekly, and World Review. Exp. of publishing, although an advantage, is not vital. Applics., which will be treated as strictly confidential, to be addressed to: The General Manager, Hulton Press, Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

ASSISTANT reqd. for Enquiry Office and Bookshop. Age about 25. Salary £6 10s. per week. Must be familiar with the Labour Movement and have knowledge of Labour and Allied publications. General knowledge of books an advantage. Applics. to Sec., Labour Party, Transport House, Smith St. S.W.1.

A MAN with deep and analytical interest in the whole educational field, and particularly in psychological and social maladjustment, is required. He should be able to express himself fluently and simply. The post is full-time, salary £600 p.a. approx., permanent and pensionable. Every facility for investigation and research. Box 1937.

Appointments Wanted

INTELLIGENT housekeeper in search of a job where initiative, good cooking and economy appreciated. Professional man or woman preferred. London only. Box 1651.

Appointments Wanted—continued

JOURNALIST (43), experienced in editorial work, typography and publicity, seeks post. First-class refs. Minimum £600 p.a. Box 1600.

COUPLE, German-born, husband British ex-Serviceman. Extensive linguistic abilities comprising German, French and Span. Expd. in Administration, Organisation and Catering. Refs. available. Wanting appointment as combined Wardens or Caretakers. Box 1599.

2 DUTCH girls, part-time job temp., London, nursing/children/cooking. Box 1598.

A YOUNG French girl, has passed the French Higher School Certificate, speaks English & German, desires post of Governess in England. Write: Mlle. Jeannette Coupermant, 33 Rue Massena; Lille (Nord), France.

YOUNG woman, history graduate, secretarial training, requires interesting part/whole-time work, London. Box 2087.

Studentships and Scholarships

BRITISH Federation of University Women, Ltd. Johnstone & Florence Stoney Studentship, 1948-9. Value £300, for research in biological, geological, meteorological or radiological science in Australia, S. Africa or N. Zealand. Open to women graduates of Great Britain and Ireland, under 27 years of age (extension for national service). Junior British Scholarship, 1948-9: Value £100, for research or training for research. Open to women graduates of British Isles, under 26 years of age (extension for national service). Details from Postgraduate Awards, B.F.U.W., Ltd., 17A Kings Rd. S.W.3. Applics. by May 3rd.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. An adult scholarship is offered for students having at least 2 years' exp. in some practical occupation, and wishing to obtain the External Diploma in Social Studies of the University of London. For partics. apply to Registrar.

Naturalization

NOTICE is hereby given that Jonathan Sofer, of 3 Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4, is applying to the Home Secretary for naturalization and that any person who knows any reason why naturalization should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Under Secretary of State, Home Office, S.W.1.

Where to Stay

HEREFORDSHIRE: Five Day Tour at Easter, March 25-30, to study planning for social developments and holiday purposes. Inclusive cost for accommodation, tours and lectures, £7. Details apply Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

EASTER at Eastbourne's Mansion Hotel, centre of sea front, licensed, superb cuisine, unrivalled Easter attractions. Details from Manager. Please write/'phone Eastbourne 557.

GRAND Hotel.—A Golfing Holiday by the sea in one of finest hotels on Lakeland coast! Fully licensed. Tariff from Manager, Grand Hotel, Grange-over-Sands. Tel. 431.

OWN produce. Vi springs, modern convenience, view, peace, flowers. Beadon Prior Hotel, Salcombe, South Devon.

SMALL Hotel on river's edge set in valley of great beauty. Remote yet accessible. Car meets train. Luxury beds. All rooms h. & c. Gaily decorated. Abundant food perfectly cooked. Boating, swimming, glorious country. Send for brochure to Danescombe Valley Hotel, Calstock, Cornwall.

BUDLEIGH Salterton, S. Devon. Bed, breakfast, dinner, full board Sundays. 4gns. weekly, comfortable home, 10 mins. sea. Booking from April 3. Box 1672.

NEW Forest, Moorhill House Hotel, Burley, Hants. Comfortable country house hotel. Well cooked food, own fruit, vegetables. Spring interior beds. Under personal supervision. Winter terms from 4gns. 'Phone Burley 3285.

PORLOCK. Halscombe Guest House. Opening Easter. Good cooking. Own produce. Pers. attn. Porlock 209. Mr. & Mrs. Holmes.

TREBLE House, Blewbury. Hotel on Berkshire Downs. Ideal for country hol. Reading & sketching parties welc. Excel. fare.

SEA and Downs. Bed-breakfast & evening dinner. 3½*gns.* per wk. Smith, 90 North Farm Rd. Lancing, Sussex.

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FORTFIELD Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon. A.A.****, R.A.C. Patronised by Royalty. Perfection in comfort and renowned cuisine. Excellent wines. In own charming grounds superbly situated overlooking the sea. Now booking for Easter. Tel.: 903/4.

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CHILDREN'S Holiday Home. Country life, own farm produce. For children from 3 years. Mrs. G. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts. Tel. Walkern 49.

WOODFOLD, Fernhurst, near Haslemere, Surrey. Visit a warm, comf. home and enjoy Sussex countryside in winter. Terms: Mrs. Nicholas Harrison. Fernhurst 76.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

LONDON 124 Sutherland Av., Maida Vale. Bed bkfast., dinner 12/6 daily incl.

WYNDHURST Hotel, Wadebridge, N. Cornwall, Tel. 225. Comfortable accommodation, table licence, own produce. Centrally situated. Frequent bus and train services to places of interest and bathing beaches. Write for brochure.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

CONWAY Chambers. Furn. Serv. Rooms. Just opened, redecorated throughout. Reasonable. 61-62, Leinster Sq. W.2.

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TO let, comfortably furnished bed-sitting-room, with breakfast. Suit business gentleman. Box 1624.

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HIGH-class accom., bed-sittingrms., gas fires, meals optional. Business or prof. people. Swiss Cottage. Primrose 1484.

SHARE of furnished farmhouse on bus route between Dunmow & Braintree, Essex. Large productive garden. Mains water and electricity, telephone. Owner wishes keep accom. for occasional visits. Rent £100 to £150 p.a. according arrangements agreed. Box 2141.

LAKE Thun. Furn. Chalet to let: 2 sitg. rms., 3 bedrms., bathrm., hot water, all mod. cons. Garden, sun verandah view of mountains and lake. Linen, glass, plate. Domestic help obtainable. Box 2175.

EXCHANGE lease of controlled (£100 p.a.) flat (2 rooms, kitchen, bathr.), nr. Oxf. Circus, for larger flat or house, or would consider purchasing house at reduced price within 40 miles London. Box 1604.

EXCHANGE, month from Easter, pleasant N. London house (sleeping 7) for accom. for 4 within sight hills/sea. Box 1659.

WENSLEYDALE, Yorkshire, advertiser would exchange 9-roomed house at Askrigg for fortnight in August for similar hse. in Milford Haven/St. David's district. Box 1541.

WOMAN designer wishes to rent 2 unfurn. rms. (1 large) at reas. rent. Chelsea, Kensington, Hampstead/Cent. London. Box 1636.

WOMAN-Doctor, Psychotherapist, wants divan-sittingroom with partial board, N.W.1, N.W.8 or N.W.3 near Swiss Cottage, suitable for part-time work. Reply Box 1542.

ACCOM. wanted by professional gent. (single). Room with service with or without breakfasts, N., N.W./W. Lond. Box 1544.

SO very urgently required by University student and wife, unfurn. flat or cottage anywhere south of Birmingham area, as far as Bromsgrove. Rent max. 35*s.* p.w. Box 1547.

Schools

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls aged 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

THE Dell House Nursery School, Goldsworth Rd., Woking, for children between 3 and 7. Large house and garden. Healthy, happy, ordered environment and system of education designed to meet individual needs, for small number day children and only six boarders. Vacancies.

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LECKHAMPSTEAD Residential Nursery, Reigate, late of Eton Avenue. For particulars 'phone Reigate 3218, principal Mrs. Sas.

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